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AT THE TOWER.

Upon the old black guns
 The old black raven hops;
 We gave him bits of buns
 And cakes and acid-drops;
 He's wise, and his way's devout,
 But he croaks and he flaps his
 wings
 (And the flood runs out and the ser-
 geants shout)
 For the first and the last of things;
 He croaks to Robinson, Brown, and
 Jones,
 The song of the ravens, "*Dead Men's
 Bones!*"

For into the lifting dark
 And a drizzle of clearing rain,
 His sire flapped out of the Ark
 And never came back again;
 So I always fancy that,
 Ere the frill lost blue showed thin,
 Alone he sat upon Ararat
 To see a new world in,
 And yelped to the void from a cairn
 of stones
 The song of the ravens, "*Dead Men's
 Bones!*"

When the last of mankind lie slain
 On Armageddon's field,
 When the last red west has ta'en
 The last day's flaming shield,
 There shall sit when the shadows run
 (D'you doubt, good Sirs, d'you
 doubt?)
 His last rogue son on an empty gun
 To see an old world out;
 And he'll croak (as to Robinson, Brown
 and Jones)
 The song of the ravens, "*Dead Men's
 Bones!*"

Punch.

IN THE NIGHT.

Who am I? Lord, I know not; lead
 me on.
 The night is dark; no stars are in
 the skies;
 All hint, all outline of the path is
 gone,
 And fierce and rough the sullen
 night winds rise.
 Where only One illumines the night,
 Do pilgrims question of His right?

Dost thou believe that I am very God?
 I know not, Lord, I know not; lead
 me on.

This much I know—that where thy
 steps have trod

Some Light still shines as it has al-
 ways shone.

Where only One illumines the night,
 Do pilgrims question of His right?

Dost thou believe then that I died for
 thee?

I know not, Lord, I know not; lead
 me on.

This much, no more in all the world I
 see,

Where thy Light falters every light
 is gone.

Where only One illumines the night,
 Do pilgrims question of His right?

Dost thou then love Me, thou that
 criest so?

I know not, Lord, I know not; lead
 me on.

This much, no more in all the world I
 know—

The darkness grows and I am all
 alone.

Where only One illumines the night,
 Do pilgrims question of His right?

Emily Lawless.

VISIONS.

When in the blue dusk of a summer
 night

I watch God's largess of his silver
 stars.

Sometimes, it seems, the adamantine
 bars

Fall from the tall gates of the In-
 finite;

And Time stands waiting. Then I seem
 to hear,

As one that listens from a lonely
 height

To waters breaking on an unknown
 sea,

The strong pulse of the world-heart
 throbbing near;

The mists roll back, and for a space
 stand clear

The great white windows of eternity.

Edward Melbourne.

The New Witness.

AN OBJECT-LESSON IN GERMAN PLANS.*

In February, 1910, I was allowed to place before your readers an object-lesson in German plans. I am now presenting them with a further object-lesson based on the development of the scheme sketched in the former article, and showing the systematic way in which Germany is preparing for the next great war in Western Europe.

For anyone who has seen the feats of railway construction by the German Army Railway Department within the last few years in the region stretching west of the Rhine, north of Mayence, towards France, Luxemburg, and Belgium, it is impossible not to pay a tribute of admiration to the thoroughness of German plans, and to the foresight that has guided them. If we contrast them with our own haphazard and halting action in all military, and now even in naval affairs, we see the proofs of the rising Empire and the evidence of the decaying one. We see, on one hand, national strength and wealth concentrated under a single and central authority on the accomplishment of the preliminaries to an immense triumph, which shall place Western Europe in a state of thralldom to Germany; and on the other, national strength and wealth frittered away and wasted by a system of Party Government which is absolutely hostile to all military preparations of any kind whatever. Attention to the smallest detail in readiness for war is the motto at Berlin. Neglect of the Army in great things as well as small is the practice in London. The German War Department pursues its course in silence. Here, peace-at-any-price is shouted from the house-tops as a reason for cutting down military and

naval expenditure. The awakening will come sooner or later, and the longer it is put off the more terrible it will be.

In 1900 the Germans had just doubled the single-railed line from Aix to St. Vith, equipping each station *en route* with numerous sidings for detraining and entraining troops, and they had also commenced their part of the light railway destined to connect the border towns of Malmédy and Stavelot. This railway at last completed on Belgian as well as German territory, was opened for traffic the other day. This short line, of some $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, has attracted a good deal of attention, but not more than it deserves, for it unites the German and Belgian railway systems at a point where Belgium is quite undefended. But it may be said that this is only a light railway, and therefore it is right to add that its gauge is uniform with that of the main-line systems it connects. It is quite true that the part of the connecting link between Malmédy and Weismes—the junction for Malmédy on the Aix-St. Vith main line—has been left unimproved, and that owing to its bad alignment and poor permanent way, it seemed to detract greatly from the value of the railway of which it formed an essential part. But its evidently intentional neglect ought to have aroused a suspicion that the Germans had some different plan in view, and this has now been revealed. Orders have been issued to construct with all possible speed a new line connecting Malmédy with Weywertz—the station immediately north of Weismes. This line will pass by Chodes, and along a level that will obviate any necessity for a tunnel. In the first place, it is to be used exclusively for military purposes, and more especially to facilitate the quar-

* This article, published in "The Fortnightly Review" several months before the outbreak of the present war, is reprinted now because of its accurate forecast of German war plans.—Editor of The Living Age.

tering of a cavalry regiment in Malmédy. It is indicative of German ways to note that the line is to be finished within twelve months.

The entirely innocent and unimportant Stavelot-Malmédy line, which we were assured in the first place was built out of regard for local requirements, is thus proved on the morrow of its completion to be a link of great importance in the railway chain between the Rhine and the interior of Belgium. Its full significance, however, will only be appreciated by those who take the following fresh facts into consideration and realize from them that the Malmédy line, far from being a separate and isolated enterprise, is an essential part of a general scheme, which embraces the whole of the Eifel region.

Weywertz has just been mentioned. In 1909 the extensive clearings then being made at this point for platforms and sidings were spoken of as those of Buegenbach, and no one among even the well-informed had the smallest conception why this roadside halt had been chosen for such an important and extensive development. It was not until 1912 that the well-kept secret leaked out. Behind this point, which then changed its name to Weywertz Junction, a new double-railed line had been constructed to the station of Junkerath on the main line from Cologne to Treves. The railway itself, constructed without regard to expense, across a region that rarely falls below an altitude of 1,800 feet, is an achievement that would have made the reputation of any civilian engineer or contractor. It has been built without any weak point, from the military point of view, in tunnel or viaduct. At each of the stations along the route extensive sidings have been laid out, not for goods trains, as there is neither population nor commerce, but for the trains that would convey as rapidly as possible

and without a hitch the army corps drawn from the interior of Germany destined in the first place to invade Belgium. At Weywertz will converge the trains coming from Aix by the western of the two parallel railways, and from Cologne and Bonn by the eastern of them. This is the fact which makes the Malmédy line of such great importance, and the new connection of that little town with Weywertz by a direct line necessarily enhances it. A comparatively trifling detail in the construction of the Weywertz-Junkerath line shows how thoroughly the Germans had thought out every detail beforehand. Between Stadtkyll and Junkerath a special connection is made with the main line near Dahlem, north of Junkerath, so that the trains may proceed without delay on the way from Cologne to Weywertz. This connecting link is concealed as far as possible and reserved for military trains.

The Weywertz-Junkerath line furnishes the real clue to the importance of the new Malmédy-Stavelot line, and already the German papers are talking of through trains from Junkerath, not merely to Stavelot, but to Trois Ponts, the station south of it on the Belgian line to the Grand Duchy, and the junction for the line serving the Amblève to Rivage on the Ourthe Valley line from Liège to Marloie. The presumably innocent Malmédy-Stavelot line is thus seen to be the vital completing link on a railway which stretches from Cologne *viâ* Euskirchen across the Northern Eifel to Weywertz on the Aix line, and thence to Trois Ponts, the key, strategically speaking, to the Eastern Ardennes. But the incredulous will say: "It is only a light railway." The official authorization states that trains on the Malmédy-Stavelot line may travel at the rate of forty miles an hour, although for the first three months of working the speed is not to

exceed twenty-five miles an hour. In Belgium the maximum speed allowed on a light railway is sixteen miles an hour. The conclusion is obvious. The Malmédy-Stavelot line is not a light railway, but a section of a new main-line system which has just come into existence. Before dealing with the purely military side of this question, let us complete our survey of the new German railways.

The Weywertz-Junkerath line is the striking achievement in the northern part of the Eifel, but it does not stand alone. Just as it is necessary to go behind Weywertz to understand the full importance of the Malmédy extension, so must we go behind Junkerath to find out the full development and significance of German plans. The reader will remember that the new theory of the offensive which is to immediately follow, or even to precede, the declaration of war is that the troops so employed will be launched by train from the interior of the German Empire to the frontier of the State to be invaded. It is therefore clear that the main consideration will be to direct trains from different parts of the country to the objective points. A little consideration will show that the weak bit in the German plan of concentration in the region of which we are especially speaking has been that all the trains must pass through Cologne. The corps for Aix la Chapelle itself, for Weywertz &c., *via* Aix, for Weywertz *via* Stadtkyll, all have to pass through Cologne. This defect has already been largely diminished, and will shortly be removed altogether.

Between Bonn and Coblenz two single-railed lines have branched off from the Rhine left-bank main line into the Eifel. One was the line from Remagen to Adenau, and the other that from Andernach to Mayen, Daun, and Pelm. Before the Weywertz-Junkerath line

was finished, work on these railways was taken in hand. The Adenau line was doubled as far as Duppelfeld, and a new line was constructed from that place to Ahrdorf and Hillesheim. At Hillesheim one branch goes north to join the main Cologne-Treves line at Lissendorf, the station immediately south of Junkerath, while the other turns south to join the same line at Pelm. Besides this, a new double-railed line has been laid from Ahrdorf, already mentioned on the Duppelfeld-Hillesheim line, to Blankenheimerdorf (the third station north of Junkerath). From Remagen, therefore, troops can now be sent by two routes to Junkerath, thus relieving the strain on Cologne. Less is known at present of the actual work accomplished on the Andernach line, but it has been doubled to as far as Mayen. As the remainder of this line to Daun and Gerolstein is exceedingly tortuous, it is probable that Mayen will be linked up by a new railway with Adenau or Ahrdorf. Thus all these secondary lateral communications will be brought westwards so as to converge on that section of the Cologne-Treves line which lies between Blankenheimerdorf on the north and Pelm on the south, with Junkerath as the central point.

Before proceeding to describe the last of the new strategic railways, which is further south, the question of the improved facilities for crossing the Rhine claims attention. Formerly the Rhine was regarded as Germany's chief defence against France, and therefore it was left unbridged as far as possible. From Mayence to Cologne there were only the railway bridge at Horchheim, the bridge of boats at Coblenz, and the bridge at Bonn. The old fear of French invasion is dead: in its place has arisen the intense desire to remove all obstacles to the prompt invasion of France whenever war is declared. The Rhine itself is,

from this point of view, the most formidable of obstacles; therefore, it is to be bridged at numerous points, and at three of them the work is far advanced towards completion. The bridge of boats at Coblenz is to be superseded by a permanent bridge connecting Ehrenbreitstein with that town. Neuwied is to be connected with Welsenthurm, and this will give direct access from the right bank to the Mayen line. But the most important and considerable of all the new bridges will be that connecting Rudesheim and Bingen. This is being constructed at very great cost, and in the face of immense difficulties, with the special object of giving direct communication between the interior of Germany and the several railways in the Nahe and collateral valleys. This bridge will be one for a double-railed line and for vehicular and foot traffic as well.

The importance of this bridge is that it will give direct communication from the main lines on the right bank (north of Wiesbaden, Mayence, and Frankfurt) to the Nahe Valley, which is the main road, as it were, to the German main points of concentration, on the outbreak of war with France, viz., Saarbrück and Saargemund. To emphasize this point, it may be mentioned that the rails crossing the Rudesheim bridge will not connect with the left bank main line, but will join those leading direct to Kreuznach. Kreuznach is the present junction for two lines leading in a south-westerly direction, one by the Nahe Valley direct to Saarbrück, and the other to Deux Ponts and Saargemund. These systems are in existence. The new strategy points to an improvement of communications with Treves by the left bank of the Moselle or across Hunsrück from Simmern; for Treves, and its dependent camp of Schönfelderhof, are the concentration points against the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, just as Wey-

wertz-Malmédy are against Belgium and Saarbrück-Saargemund against Lorraine.

To complete the picture, a few words must be said about what is contemplated south of St. Vith, the present terminus of the double-railed portion of the line from Aix. St. Vith, in the strict sense of the term, is not a terminus. It is, in the first place, the ending of the double-railed line from Aix by Weywertz and Welsmes; but, in the second place, it is the junction of two single-rail lines of very considerable and growing importance. One is the line to Trois Vierges in the Grand Duchy *via* Burg Reuland; the other is the line by Pronsveld and Prüm to Gerolstein on the Cologne-Treves line. At Pronsveld there is a branch terminating at Waxweiler. This branch is to be connected shortly with Kyllburg on the Treves line, already mentioned, but the latest German plan is to connect St. Vith with Treves by a direct line flanking the frontier of the Grand Duchy at Vianden and Echternach, just as the northern section flanks that of Belgium from Dolhain and the Baraque de Michel to Gouvy. Extensive alterations at St. Vith already indicate clearly enough what will be the next stage of German railway development. The Grand Duchy, like the Belgian Ardenes, is to be used as a stepping-stone to the French frontier. No one who takes the trouble to consider the facts that have been set forth by the aid of a large-scale map, will fail to see that the Malmédy-Stavelot line, far from being a trivial matter, is part of a vast and well-devised scheme for attaining great ends. The object-lesson has been given, but lest it be thrown away on those who will not see and are resolved not to hear, an effort must be made to show all it ought to teach, and for that purpose we must remember that north of Liège Germany has made, and

is still making, the new lines that will enable her to swoop down on the Meuse bridges at Nijmegen, Mook, Gennepe, Venlo, Roermond, Maaseyck, and Maestricht, and thus complete her converging movement across North Brabant and Limburg to Antwerp and Brussels. Thus on an arc extending from Treves to Nijmegen (excluding from our purview what is called the main concentration on the Saar behind Metz) the German War Department has arranged for a simultaneous advance by fourteen separate routes across Holland, Belgium, and the Grand Duchy. The character of that advance may be judged from the boast freely uttered at German mess tables that "if the English are not in Antwerp within five days of the outbreak of hostilities, they will never get there."

But of all these lines of advance the most threatening for France, and consequently for this country in the end, is that through the Belgian Ardennes by the roads passing through Stavelot, Vièl Salm, and Gouvy. Of these the Stavelot entrance, thanks to the new railway, is the most important. If Germany secures Stavelot, Trois Ponts, and the stations south of those places as far as Gouvy within twenty-four hours of the order to advance, as seemingly she counts on doing, she will obtain complete control of the eastern half of the Ardennes, and the Belgian population of that region may be regarded as then and there reduced to the status of a subjected people. Resistance by the civil population would be made a penal offence, to be dealt with by the severest reprisals, and of a military defending force there is not, under the present dispensation, the smallest vestige. Nor is there any likelihood of garrisons being moved to this region within any reasonable time, unless the Belgian Government receives a very vigorous application of Anglo-French pressure. In plain words, the

part of Belgium to which Germany has gained access by the Stavelot railway is quite undefended, and apparently there is no chance of any improvement in this respect on her own initiative.

At the very moment of this striking change in the south-eastern quarter of Belgium, steps are being taken by her Government greatly to enlarge the station at Trois Ponts, and to improve the line south of that place to Gouvy. The line, which was originally half Grand Ducal, as jointly held with the Prince Henri Company, is now entirely Belgian, and is being converted into a double-railed track. The Belgian Government is quite within its rights in improving this or any other of its railways, but the fact remains that in this instance the improvement must greatly help Germany in reaching the French frontier between Longwy and Sedan. For this additional reason, the German intrusion into Belgian territory at Stavelot and Trois Ponts must be regarded as full of menace to France, and as imperilling the integrity of Belgium at a point where her only defence lay in the poverty and inadequacy of the means of communication. Now that express trains are promised on a double track from Pepinster and Spa to Gouvy, and that the Germans are already talking of using the line from Junkerath to Trois Ponts and Gouvy as a relief to the strain on the Welkenraedt-Liège route, it is clear that the existing means of communication have changed from an obstacle to a facility.

But the matter does not end at Gouvy. Gouvy itself is indeed a point of little importance, although we must be prepared to see Germany make an attempt to link it up with St. Vith *via* Beho, just as she has done Malmédy and Stavelot; but Gouvy is the junction for the southern line to Libramont, the key to the central Ardennes. Libramont is on the main line from

Brussels to Luxemburg, Metz and Treves. It has branch lines that, practically speaking, run parallel with the whole of Belgium's southern frontier east of the Meuse. We may safely assume that Germany will endeavor to secure by motor-car and cavalry raid the three consecutive junctions on this main line at Marlole, Jemelle, and Libramont, while the railways from Trois Ponts and Gouvy will give her the facilities for moving forward with great rapidity large bodies of infantry to the support of the flying detachments.

The preparations for a bold dash forward have thus been brought as nearly as possible to completion in time of peace, and with the co-operation, *volens volens*, of Belgium. We are looking mainly to the Ardennes frontier, but it does not diminish the significance of what has been effected there to know that the same thing has, more or less, happened also all along the Dutch frontier. Germany has made ready, at heavy outlay, to take the offensive at a moment's notice, and to throw enormous forces across the territories of two unoffending and pacific neighbors in her fixed resolve to break through the northern defences of France and thus to turn the formidable fortifications of the Vosges. She has prepared for the day by bringing fully-equipped and admirably constructed railways up to her neighbors' frontiers, and in some places across them, at Venlo, and Stavelot for instance. An immense sum of money has been sunk in these railways—the Weywertz line alone represents two millions sterling—and there is not the least prospect of an adequate return on them as commercial ventures. They are purely military and strategical preparations for war with France.

There is a great reluctance in this country, even among the initiated, to face the situation created by these

new railways, and even in Belgium, which is so close to them, there is an optimistic belief that they represent merely the superfluous energy of their neighbors. Like the cat with the bird, Germany seeks to fascinate Belgium before springing on her. But if there is blindness here, and hopeful helplessness in Belgium, French military authorities are fully alive to the change that has taken place in regard to the eastern half of the northern frontier of France, and it is no secret that they regard it with warm resentment. France is so placed in this quarter that she cannot adopt counter precautions of any adequate effect. She sees herself obliged to leave the first move and the first blow in this quarter to Germany, and that advantage might influence the whole character of the first campaign. The only effective reply in the military sense that France could make to the German menace would be to absorb the Ardennes herself, move up her frontier to Stavelot and Gouvy, and construct on the Baraque de Fraiture a fortified position like that at Lille or Verdun. This reply she is debarred from making by political considerations, such as respect for her guarantee of Belgian integrity and her strong desire to spare the susceptibilities of England. But she may reasonably ask that her good faith and her good will should not have to be exhibited at the expense of her own security.

The time has come, then, to call upon the Belgian Government to take immediate and effective measures to counterbalance the advantages that Germany has now accumulated for the overrunning of what we call the Ardennes within forty-eight hours of the first passage of the trains over the railways described in this paper, and France is entitled to ask the British Government to join with her in this vigorous and urgent demand. It is the

bounden duty of the Belgian Government to block and bar the new line of advance opened, partly by its own co-operation, for the German armies, and this can only be accomplished by the placing in their path of a fort or forts which would bring them to a speedy halt, and deprive the inroad of that character of celerity and irresistibility which is, from the Berlin point of view, its chief attraction.

Whether the situation would be adequately met by a *fort d'arrêt* at Bastogne, or by the more extensive fortification of Libramont and its approaches, is a matter for the consideration of the competent military authorities. But it is impossible to close one's eyes to the superior claims of a trilateral fortification of the position designated from its central point as the Baraque de Fraiture. Protected on its northern side by the Amblève, it would command that valley; its eastern section would close the routes to La Roche and St. Hubert, while its southern side would render any western advance from Gouvy impossible. In plain words, the Belgians could construct at well-chosen points along these commanding heights lines that would resemble those of Torres Vedras for the defence of their national existence. But unless France and England, acting together, are very insistent at Brussels, nothing will be done. The old silly argument that to take such steps

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would be to offer provocation to Germany will be used as a reason for doing nothing. If this argument were to be accepted, it could only mean that Germany was to be allowed the monopoly of provocation. Belgium will be asked to take steps, not against anything that Germany may do, but against something she has done. If she is loth to defend herself, she must remember that her neutrality imposes upon her this obligation for the sake of the safety of those who have guaranteed her existence as an independent State. If she should use the argument that her own subjects are indifferent in the matter, she can be answered with absolute assurance that the whole population of the Province of Luxemburg consider that they have been given over, helpless and without a blow in their behalf, to the Eastern invader.

A very serious and anxious situation has arisen from the creation of the new network of German railways. In Paris military opinion is unanimous that they give Germany the means of penetrating into France within forty-eight hours of the decision to go to war. No matter how successful the countermoves of the French army may prove, they cannot avert this initial and impressive success by the Germans at a point where the French frontier is, and must remain, weakly defended. Belgium alone can remedy the evil.

Y.

FUTURISM AND THE FUTURISTS.

Futurism has loomed lately comparatively large on the attention of the polite unemployed, whether through accident or advertisement or simply, perhaps, because "it was to be." It would appear, however, that there exists still a good deal of uncertainty as to what Futurism means. We know, for in-

stance, of a dramatist who has been pondering whether to make of a character in one of his plays a Futurist poet or a curate; Signor Marinetti, who is Futurism, is an unrivalled quick-change artist, but it is to be doubted if he could make up as a really convincing curate. It should be under-

stood that whenever we refer, in the course of this article, to Futurism *tout court*, we shall always mean Signor Marinetti and his immediate circle.

There are many things that are said against the Futurists, and many more that might be said against them, but there is also quite a good deal, apart from what they are in the habit of saying themselves, in their favor. In the first place—perhaps in the last place as well, for it seems to hold the key to the whole situation—they are very much alive. After a course of academical art, after hours spent in looking at photographic representations of subjects and objects selected out of every corner of the common-place, petrified cinema-films, and the general garnered chaff of modern art, it is at least stimulating to find some one trying to do something, to say something; and we have a very strong impression that these new Alarics do mean something. It is not by any means always clear what they do mean, and we are not prepared to grant that they are ideally lucid exponents of their own theories, whether they preach by precept or example, but, we repeat, they are alive and do, have done, and may yet do something—something possibly that may be worth doing. Everything really is impossible, but everything is worth trying. "I could wish, madam, that it had been impossible"—is only, like all other repartees, a repartee in its context: playing the fiddle on one string is a diverting accomplishment, even if it is liable to abuse: in the same way an absolute plethora of pictures called, for example, "Typographical Simultaneity," or "Architectural construction of a woman on the beach," would early exhaust the patience of even the most conscientious novelty seeker. It is perhaps a defect of our modern art that it demands a great deal of explanatory literature.

For every big work we have to reckon a score of pamphlets or speeches or prefaces charged with explanations; we do not speak of the subsequent harvest of criticism and comment. It may be pleaded that without these heraldings and accompaniments the works would be incapable of efficiently giving their message; the plea is good, so far as it goes, but there is a measure to be observed. Works of art are like those automatic machines that supply the more pressing needs of railway travellers; we expect them to deliver their treasures, *as a general rule*, without the intervention of a *deus* (or even of a *homo*) *ex machina*, though there are, of course, moments when the services of such a one become welcome and necessary. We have always thought, for instance, that the reams of Wagnerian prose in existence detract from the glory of Wagner, that Mr. Shaw's prefaces, with all their humor, are some of Mr. Shaw's mistakes, and we now think that Signor Marinetti's manifestos will never prove the vindication, and may well prove the grave, of Futurism. The best "*Ars poetica*" comes comparatively late in the history of the movement it helps to define.

The Futurists have told us over and over again, and for the space of about five years, what they mean by all their plastic experiments. As object-lessons we have had two principal and one or two minor exhibitions of Futurist art in Bond Street. At the earlier of the principal exhibitions the attempt at doing something was obvious and unmistakable: there were pictures, for instance, like Russolo's "Revolt," that really compelled us to see forces in movement. At the more recent exhibition we looked in vain for things like this; there was nothing there that made us actually feel movement. We found plenty of things to admire, though not, as a rule, from the lofty

point of view of a "*Futurisme Futurisant*." We admire, as we had a right to admire, Boccioni's "Matter" and Balla's "Dynamic Expansion-speed," but we found the former picture almost mystical, after the manner of Watts, while the latter, a superb effect, reminded us somehow of Turner's illustrations to "Paradise Lost." Another picture that pleased us on altogether *a priori* grounds was Russolo's "Dynamic Expansions (houses—lights)," but we have now shown our approval of this artist's work twice, and that probably means that we must have become rather suspect to true revolutionists.

The general impression we took away from the gallery was one of disappointment. The Futurist Icarus has flown too high, he has singed his wings. The impossible can always be achieved, if Time be respected; these men are not giving themselves time to consolidate their conquests. Moreover they have confused their ideals; when they try to make a synthesis of the impalpable, they sometimes succeed beyond all hope; they have put speed and anger and a host of impossible things on to their canvases. Their failures even are sometimes magnificent. But when they try to make abstractions of the concrete,—when they give us the "Development of a bottle in space," or tell us that a conglomeration of vivid colors means "Nude" ("nudity" is, paradoxically enough, the most abstract of all abstractions, but is utterly unrealizable save under a concrete form)—then their failure seems irretrievable: they might as well try, as has been tried before, to "make abstraction" of the bolt of Zeus.

There has been too much literature—a literature of loose statements and wild metaphysics, wrapped in a garment of imposing words and phrases, that may easily be as unsubstantial as the robe of Hans Andersen's Emperor,

eternal symbol of the cultured public. Signor Marinetti, to do him justice, is, at least in his works of exegesis, easy to read and easy to understand; he is terse if he is contradictory. Signor Boccioni, on the other hand, who has written a big book on Futurist aesthetics, is bewildering to a degree, except when he is repeating, as innovators will do, some of the hoarier truths of humanity, as, for example, that the artist's lot is a sad one, or that the many-headed monster is nothing but a mule.

The mind sees more than the eye, and is always upbraiding the vassal-organ for its limitations. The mind sees objects and planes where the eye, left to itself, if indeed we can imagine the eye left to itself, could see only a surface. From time to time in the history of art this relation of mind and eye has been tinged with tyranny on the one part and with servility on the other. The mind will say, for instance, "you see a red sofa and a blue cushion," and the eye looks, first at the sofa, then at the cushion, and admits that this is so. Then comes a period of revolt,—one such outbreak was called, "Impressionism,"—when the eye replies—"I see what you tell me to see, but I see more; I see a sofa and a cushion; I also see two colors; but, from the mixture of the red and the blue, other colors have been revealed to me." An ancient, hitherto unknown law of nature has been discovered, and the independence of colors has dropped into the limbo of defeated dogmas.

The Futurists are experimenting to find out whether there be other analogous laws of nature. If colors react on one another, they say, why not forms? The chimney-pot meets the jagged cloud; we see a chimney-pot with jagged edges. This immense hypothesis leads to the "dislocation and

dismemberment of objects, the scattering and fusing of details freed from accepted logic.

This is really nothing but an aesthetic hypothesis, and a very daring hypothesis: the experiments we have seen based on it have been far from convincing. Art is, by definition, a matter of rules, and rules are simply the acceptance or affirmation of limitations. "Ambience," for instance, is a fact, but if we accept the principle without reserve, we shall have to see the whole universe every time we gaze on the one split pea. "In painting a person on a balcony," says Signor Boccioni, "seen from inside the room, we do not limit the scene to what the square frame of the window renders visible; but we try to render the sum total of visual sensations which the person on the balcony has experienced; the sun-bathed throng in the street, the double row of houses which stretch to right and left, etc." This is nothing more or less than anarchy, and without at least a modicum of order there can be no art; the eye can be directed almost anywhere so long as it remains within the limits of vision, but, if the eye breaks these bounds, the universe becomes chaos and the commonwealth of art is dissolved. When we see a train rushing past, we see something else besides the train, we see its movement, we see speed; but when we see a lady in a balcony, ourselves inside the room, our mind may see people and things that may or may not happen to be in the street at the time, but our gross physical eye can by no sophistry be made to see anything of the sort. Sculpture and painting must have some reference to things seen even by the most untutored eye. In music, in poetry, we may be vaguer; we may work on the substance of pure ideas; but painting and sculpture, especially sculpture, must start from concrete

conceptions or cease for want of sustenance. The sculpture at the last exhibition had a very tragic appearance; "Fusion of a head and casement window" was an acknowledgment of defeat; incidentally it is impossible not to wonder why the woman should be so vaguely and crudely represented, while the piece of balcony that adheres to her is as realistic as can be. The ambience ends by ousting the object.

At the beginning, no doubt, the senses were all one, but we have developed since then, and we make a very definite distinction between a glare and a din; "the bloodhound probably reckons a happy day in terms of smells," but there seems no adequate reason for man to return to the single sense. We have heard the Futurists defended as primitives, but, though we have met with passages in their works that might serve to make a case for them in this capacity, their general line of argument is diametrically opposed to anything in the nature of a return to primitive conceptions. "We have proclaimed ourselves to be the primitives of a completely renovated sensitiveness"; that is the only sense in which the Futurists can be called primitives. They are not the primitives of the beginning, but the primitives of an infinite series of beginnings, which become endings almost as soon as they are begun. The Futurists aim at being the Committee of Public Safety of art.

We come to our greatest difficulty when we consider Futurist utterances on the subject of movement in plastic art. The great Futurist experiment, in our view, is precisely the attempt to translate the idea of motion into terms of plastic art; the attempt has been made before, but intermittently; the Winged Victory of Samothrace, flouted of Futurists, tells us something about motion; Turner could make a

train move quite futuristically. But the Futurists are trying to put the whole matter on a satisfactory and scientific basis. The question is a peculiarly open one, and is ready to become the willing province of a determined, but enlightened, conqueror. When we see an object in violent motion, we are by no means clear what we do see; we are by no means certain whether we see one object or several, whether we see a single action or the various stages of that action taking place, as it were, simultaneously. The Futurists assure us that we see, in one glance, several objects, or several stages of motion. Few Futurist pronouncements are sounder than this—"A running horse has not four legs, but twenty"; one thing is perfectly certain—he has more than four—if, that is, he has any at all. It is of such problems that the Futurists are attempting the solution, and, though their attitude sometimes does invite hostility, we feel that the proper attitude to be observed towards them is a benevolent neutrality, till such time as their ideas crystallize into a form that will support a methodical criticism.

The difficulty is that these untiring theorists will not "let sleeping" we will not say "dogs," for even the sleepest dog will wake and perform his canine antics—rather we will say that they will not let sleeping arm-chairs lie. "Repose," says in substance, Signor Boccioni, "does not exist." The easiest easy chair is a conglomeration of forces. "There is such a thing as a plastic potentiality which an object carries in itself, closely allied with its proper organic substance, according to its general characteristics." It is difficult to see potentialities, at any rate with the gross, physical, as yet unfuturized eye, and we hazard the guess that repose, or something that will be generally ac-

cepted as repose, will always continue to exist. The truths of Science, whether they refer to the rush of our planet through space or to the battle of forces resulting in the comfortable, if only apparent immobility of our arm-chair, cannot affect the inevitable illusions of our eyesight: they are irrelevant. A rabbit or a fly may be able to see more than we do, because his optical arrangements are in some respects less limited. We cannot see forces, we can only see objects; the mind draws corollaries. It really seems a pity that the two things should have been confused—that the representation of abstract movement and of things that move should be held to involve the representation of things that do not move, at least under normal circumstances. Our illustration of an arm-chair was, in a way, unfortunate; a church would have been better, though even here we must be careful; a Gothic church is the most energy-suggesting object in existence, and to think of Reims Cathedral, for example, is to suspect, if even for a moment, that there is something in the hardest article of Futurist doctrine; but who shall say what is the "particular rhythm," the "interior force," of the Albert Memorial or of Primrose Hill?

In England the Futurists have been judged, at any rate till recently, mainly by their performances in the plastic arts, but Futurism means a great deal more than a theory of painting and sculpture. It is an attempt at the construction of a consistent philosophy embracing every branch of human activity and speculation. Unfortunately the Futurists are, by definition in a hurry, and a consistent philosophy is not patched together in a few months; if it could be, we should be as suspicious of the finished product as we are apt to be of corresponding emanations from the

brain of the War Office when it has been thinking out a scheme of Army Reform. Hurried reforms have a way of following, after a few initial flourishes, the line of least resistance, and a change of names is the sole mark that they finally leave on the institutions they came out to recast. Still, reformers are essentially law-givers, and the latest reformers not only want to make laws, but intend to see them enforced. Signor Boccioni has said that "eclecticism is cowardice," and by following the new principles to their logical limits we eventually reach a point where a "*carte de civisme*" would be unprocurable except by the "*purs*" of the movement.

A distinction must be made between official and unofficial Futurism. The word has been used rather wildly and to cover cases that hardly need a neologism to describe them. "Futuristic," as we have heard the word used, is merely a synonym for "advanced," a word that has certainly been abused and has served chiefly to estrange faithful friends and embitter peaceful arguments; we doubt whether most of the musicians, painters, and house-decorators who have posed or been made to pose as Futurists would receive the imprimatur of Signor Marinetti. The Futurist dictator has, it is true, his moments of expansiveness, when he hails any one who appears not to be against him as with him; notorious pacifists and prominent neo-Catholics, for instance, have received the tribute of his approval because of the independence of their opinions or literary methods. If Futurism merely meant a Declaration of Independence for artists and thinkers and were sufficiently strong to assert its principles, there would be little to quarrel with in the movement. But Futurism is not only an invitation to throw the whole past on the scrap-heap and to act as if we were not held

in a "monstrous web of sentiency spun back through a million years" but it is the prescription of a single way in life and art to the exclusion of all others. It is, as we have already suggested, the "Committee of Public Safety" sitting in judgment on art, literature, and society. The heads of the miscellaneous house-decorators, etc., will be the first to pass into the sack. "Eclecticism is cowardice."

Schönberg, Scriabine, Bakst, and recent Shakespearian productions at the Savoy may be Futuristic, but Futurism is Signor Marinetti and a few others. They have invented a word that, except for their own very special purposes, was not wanted at all, and this word may be fairly held to belong to them. We are disposed to accept their definition, if we can find it, and to ignore any other that may be suggested by irresponsible persons with a view to including the unofficial manifestants of the new tendencies.

Futurism is, to begin with, a variety of Nationalism; its full doctrine is meaningless outside Italy. For some years past patriotic Italians have been resenting certain obstacles to their full national consciousness. One of these obstacles is the continued presence of the Austrian at Trieste, and for the uncompromising believer in Nationalism the Italian case is here strong enough, though we believe that, if Istria be added to Venetia, and other provinces yet undreamt of come to swell the list, the Italian irredentist will continue somewhere to "see the Croat soldier stand" as an intruder and a menace. A second grievance is the patronage of the foreign tourist, who too often regards Italy less as a proud country and a great power than as a museum and a playground.

The Marinetti-Futurist is a voluble exponent of both these grievances. He is for war with Austria on any pretext, and in his lighter moods he ad-

vocates settling the museum grievance by an *auto da fé* of the Forum, St. Mark's, and other obvious scapegoats; practically he would prefer, we should guess, a kind of bloodless "Sicilian Vespers." But he has found in his fellow-countrymen a far more serious defect than inattention to strict Nationalist logic, or even than toleration of the admittedly convenient tourist. He accuses them of living on and for their, again admittedly, magnificent past and of disregarding the great present and the glorious future. His message to them and incidentally to the world is really this—"Let the dead bury their dead." Life, he repeats in a variety of accents, is short; we cannot serve the past and the future; therefore we must choose between them. The past belongs to the dead; the future is to the living; therefore let us attend exclusively to the future. Ancient Italy produced masterpieces, and modern Italy can only grovel and copy; it has no time to think, to face facts. (It must be remembered that this is only an attempt at interpretation; we do not yet know if the Futurist facts are facts at all). Dante and Michael Angelo are more terrible foes to Italian art, to Italian patriotism, to Italian life, than foreign armies or foreign globe-trotters. Academic art, which is all the Art that Italy could, till recently claim, is no art, just as academic philosophy soon ceases, by losing touch with life, to be philosophy at all; it is merely the mask of cowardice. Italy has been, time and again, the mother of European art and thought; she has been too long barren; the Futurists think they can revive her powers.

Just as Florentine luxury bred Savonarola, so Italian academicalism has brought forth the Futurists. The Futurists have in their turn reacted on the patriotic of their native land,

and it would be the greatest mistake to dismiss them as a mere Milanese *cénacle*, held together by a decadent capacity for paradoxical ideas, combined with a strong business instinct. They are legitimate products of the age they live in, and they have thrown a quite intelligible challenge to the ideas they find dominating that age; that challenge has received few answers worth listening to; few challenges do. Some of the Futurists are certainly in earnest, some almost as certainly are not, some again appear to be totally incapable of any form of seriousness and are, in reality, just the people who will have to be reckoned with. It is so in most movements; the horny-handed son of toil is an uncouth apostle, and his utterances rarely carry; the humorist gathers the audience and fixes the shaft of the message with the barb of his fancy. The Futurists have some poets and some painters, a questionable sculptor, one of two "*bruiteurs*," (whatever they may be), and an exponent of the "art of noises," but they can also claim the greatest living humorist.

Signor Marinetti's jokes have a wide range and are rather unequal in quality. Several of them are, we suspect, intended to take soundings of the death of his public's gullibility. The hobby-horse surmounted by a cigarette-box, described in a catalogue generically as "dynamic combination of objects," and specifically as "Portrait of Marinetti by himself," overshot the mark even further than Mr. Shaw's "Great Catherine." "Zang Tumb Tumb" is a joke for the very few, even if it is the "equivalent in intensity of 2500 pages of Flaubert." "Le Monoplan du Pape," a poem in *vers libres*, telling of how the Pope was fished out of the Vatican by a Futurist aviator, shown the kingdoms of the earth and the apotheosis of Italy, and finally dropped into the Adriatic, is a very

tedious long joke. The thesis was Futurist enough—the absurdity of tradition, the glory of machinery, the excellence of war, and the coming route of the Tedesco—and the images are often diverting through their perverse inappropriateness, but the boundaries of the new literature were looming ominously on the view. A new vein had to be struck, and immediately.

The *vers libre* was the offspring of a forgotten revolution, and Signor Marinetti began to think that another revolution was getting overdue. The words "*vers libre*," however, contained a blessed inspiration; just as his painter and sculptor friends had, by a logic that is certainly specious, though it may be only specious, proceeded from the interdependence of colors to the interdependence of forms, the intersection of planes, and so forth, Signor Marinetti, by an abuse of logic that has long passed the frontier of mere speciousness, and with the humor that delights in a well-worked-up joke, proceeded to invent the new literature. The name of Liberty, so often invoked to cover crimes and still more often to excuse follies, was called upon to give circulation to a joke. "Votes for women?" asks the political humorist, "why not votes for children?" The Futurist humorist points triumphantly to the *vers libre*, and exclaims, "Behold the spoils of a glorious revolution! The line is freed from its shackles! But it is only a partial revolution. The line is free, but the word is still a slave; let us free the word and win ourselves a name that shall never die!" That is the logic of "Zang Tumb Tumb," of the experiments that heralded it and, we suppose, of a vista of masterpieces to come. The jocular experiments tried in this remarkable work are too numerous and various to be effectually summarized here. One of the chief innovations hinted at in the preface, the use of type of vari-

ous colors to express the varying moods and emotions of the writer, has no place in the text; we believe that it has only been tried in one book, *Prose du Trans-sibérien et de la petite Jeanne de France*.

But the innovations of "Zang Tumb Tumb" are numerous and striking enough to dispense with this enormous one. The words for "Turkish captive balloon" are written round in a circle, so that we may see what we are reading about without, so to speak, reading at all; wireless-telegraphy poles surround it on all sides, and to each of them is attached the significant legend "vibbrrrrrrarre," though the number of "v's" and "b's" varies slightly. On one page the final stage of the great revolution is perhaps adumbrated; this page consists of a number of letters strewn about, apparently at hazard, for they do not seem to combine into words; it looks very much as if Signor Marinetti had said to himself, "Words at liberty? a mere nothing! let us take the final step at once: let us enfranchise the letter!"

The most promising innovation in "Zang Tumb Tumb" is the use of various kinds of type to express various sensations,—sound, smell, etc. It is not altogether an innovation, and it is certainly abused. Charles Reade used to obtain great effects by the sudden use of capitals; it is difficult properly to forget the dwarf who "ROARED IT." But Signor Marinetti has the fault, when he finds a good thing, of "making it too common." Even violence demands a background of comparative calm, and, in these "poems," there is no such background to be found. If there is nothing but din, the ear cannot distinguish the component sounds, and the composer's trouble is largely wasted.

Let us welcome the Futurists. There are men among us ready to give us the

photographical version of a cabbage, there are men among us willing, with a view to giving us a correct view of the soul of Clough, to publish lengthy paraphrases of the "The Bothle of Tober-na-Vuolich." The Futurists at least do not serve up the past to base uses; they give us what they tell us is the future, and, if we choose to disagree, our contradictions will be wilder than their assertions. The Futurists have unfortunately rather confused their aims; at one moment they seem, *auspice Boccioni*, to ask for Art, spelt with an enormously big "A," at others *duce Marinetti*, they hardly grant art a capital letter at all, but bid it hide its head before an impossibly idealized music-hall. The Futurist is a little too easily persuaded that he is doing something wholly unheard-of in the world's history; he says, for instance, that "literature has hitherto glorified thoughtful immobility, ecstasy, and sleep;" he forgets one or two works that generally rank as literature—the *Iliad*, for instance, the *Chanson de Roland*, and Scott's novels. There is

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so little new to be done by the Futurists; there is so very little new to be done by any one. At least the newest reformers could stand Balzac's test—their value, measured by "the extent of their curiosity and by the regard they show for the opinion of young people" is beyond all question. Their annexation of the future is perhaps a piece of filibustering, but the future is, *lite pendente*, a no man's land;

"Non, l'avenir n'est à personne:

Sire, l'avenir est à Dieu,"

and if, to wind up a debauch of quotation, Meredith's advice be sound—"let us follow our usages and attend to the future at the moment of its delivery. I prefer the *sage-femme* to the prophet"—then a good deal of their labor is evidently wasted. Yet they have sown seed in an age where it was needed, and here and there a grain will stick. Let us welcome the Futurists; do not let us spoil them. Let us, when their sense of fun has led them beyond the limits of plausibility, say, humoring, but gently reproving them—"It's ugly, but is it Art?"

R. F. Smalley.

BELOW STAIRS.

By MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK,

Author of The Severins,

The Staying Guest, Etc.

CHAPTER XII.

The Christmas dinner was cooked and served without a hitch, and neither the host nor the hostess knew that early in the afternoon there had been a disturbance in the kitchen. After lunch Mrs. Enfield always had a nap in her bedroom while Priscilla washed-up in the scullery. You see this is a story of life below stairs, and sculleries come into it as inevitably as boudoirs and diamonds come into a story about dukes. There is no glamour below stairs. The people there are sometimes at leisure and sometimes at work, and

in many houses well cared for and comfortable. Where no men are kept, women are herded together, and shut in more than is good for their health and their tempers, so they alternate between violent friendships and violent feuds. They are not educated people, and they occupy a position that is socially unpopular. There is generally a gulf fixed between them and their employers that they themselves refuse to bridge. By tradition they are the comic relief of the drama, and they know this and resent it. A girl washing dishes in the scullery may be as

pretty as you please, but how can she be a figure for romance? Priscilla had a new light in her eyes this Christmas Day as she washed her dishes, and she worked at top speed because she wanted to get back to the kitchen and serve Mr. Digby. If he had been a knight she would have wished to be his page, keep his armor burnished, sleep at his feet and tend his horse. As it was, she desired to be in his presence, to take his quiet orders and to work under him, knowing neither fatigue nor impatience. She had not thought much about Harry Masters lately, although she had heard from home that Julia Morton had jilted him, and she had never felt that she was a daughter of earth and he a god from Olympus. She had never felt like this before: in a dream and yet agitated and restless. She knew it was silly and unprofitable. After to-day she might never see him again. But the day was long still and full of opportunities. Till dinner now her place was in the kitchen. After dinner she would have to be back in the scullery at this hateful job of washing-up. How she hoped that Mrs. Enfield would be as good as her word and keep Fräulein away. Anyone could see how it was with Fräulein, horrid, ogling thing—older than him by many a year. . . . As she talked to him her voice had been honey-sweet and wooing, while whenever she spoke to Priscilla it was harsh and dictatorial. Yesterday while Priscilla washed-up she had thought of her old home and the people in it; of the four houses she had served in before she came to Museum Square; of Polly Spiller, whom she had seen several times lately, and who had asked her to go to the pantomime with her one night. But this afternoon the events of the morning passed in review, every incident in high relief, every word he had spoken remembered like a melody. He had lent her his knife

to peel the olives. She had given it back and he had thanked her. She would not for the world have let anyone know this and indeed it seems unfair to tell it of her, but when she carried the coffee tray downstairs she had drunk out of his cup. She would have liked to break Fräulein's, but things never did break when you wanted them. Always the other way.

Of course Fräulein was in the kitchen when she went back there; and she looked at Priscilla as if the twenny maid was the interloper. But Priscilla took no notice of her.

"Shall I make up the fire now, sir?" she said to him, and he told her she might. The meringue had just been taken out of the oven, and Fräulein was clasping her hands at it and going on in her silly way. Priscilla admired it very much, but she would not say so just now. She asked what she should do next when she had made up the fire, and was told that she could peel some carrots and cut them into tiny dice and stars.

"But that I can do for you," cried Fräulein. "Or shall I make you that sauce in my own way? Or will you have some almonds properly prepared?—quite, quite fine, I promise you. Priscilla, go upstairs and fetch me my spectacles and an apron, and tell the young ladies."

But at that moment Mrs. Enfield came into the kitchen, a large, imposing figure who waddled because she was stout and yet had dignity. She saw Mr. Digby quietly at work, and Priscilla untying a bundle of carrots, and Fräulein hovering close to Mr. Digby, "worreting him." Anyone could tell from his manner that he felt worried by the lady and wished she would go. He did not look at her, but as Mrs. Enfield entered he lifted his eyes and looked thankful.

"Priscilla!" said Mrs. Enfield, in a tone of command and general might envy,

"turn on the lights and draw down the blinds. Fräulein!"

"Dear Mrs. Enfield," said Fräulein, "there is so much to do. You must be so busy. I am sure I can help."

"No, you can't, Miss. You only 'inder," said Mrs. Enfield. "Your young ladies are wantin' you upstairs—where you belong."

"But I can cook," wailed Fräulein on a high note that was nearly a shriek.

"Not 'ere," said Mrs. Enfield.

"I can cook much better than you."

"P'raps so. We won't argue about it. Some likes messes and some don't. But in this 'ouse I'm paid to cook, and you're paid to teach, and in this country we each mind our own business. An 'appy Christmas."

"If Mr. Tigby wishes me to stay and help him I shall do so," screamed Fräulein, her eyes very angry and her cheeks very red. "I shall pay no attention to your impertinence."

But Mr. Digby only sighed and told Priscilla which cutter to use for the carrots. Mrs. Enfield, with a majestic wave of her hand, signed to Fräulein to pass out, and Fräulein, mumbling objurgations in a foreign tongue, went up to her own room and wrote pages of a long letter describing the infamous behavior of menials towards well-born foreigners in this rude unfriendly land. But she did not say that the menials would have been as civil as she wished if in the language of menials she had known her place and kept it. She had lived in England five years and had never found this out.

In appearance the passage-of-arms had been between Fräulein and Mrs. Enfield, but it was Priscilla who had won a victory. If she had fixed her attention on her carrots she would have done well, but as Fräulein departed, vowing vengeance, the tweeny maid looked at her with her widely opened gray eyes, and the angry lady saw derision in them. She went upstairs

hating Priscilla evilly, hating her youth and good looks, consigning her to the gutter from which she thought all serving wenches sprang. Her own father had been a poor pastor who had never been able to afford a servant. So she had been used at home to do every kind of household work, but not to deal with hirelings. On a desert island she would have been a treasure, a fussy, bad-tempered one, but still a treasure. In an ordinary, well-staffed English household she was a disturber of the peace.

"I've settled 'er," said Mrs. Enfield. "And now we'll get to business."

There was to be no schoolroom tea that day, so Priscilla was not obliged to face Fräulein immediately after her defeat. She was glad of that. She had to set tea in the servants' hall, and when Mr. Digby said he would have his downstairs, she flew up to her room on the fourth floor for a clean apron. Jane, who was going to help wait at dinner, was just dressing. Each girl had a chest of drawers to herself, and to-day their cards and little Christmas presents were set out on the top.

"I'm goin' to wear a bit of holly," said Priscilla boldly, and by the light of her candle she fastened a sprig of imitation scarlet berries just on the edge of her cap. It showed up against her fluffy dark hair and looked as gay as the light of youth and Christmas in her eyes.

"You're as pretty as paint," said Jane, who looked very fair and pretty herself in her becoming uniform of black gown and fine muslin cap and apron.

"What's the good of bein' pretty when you're a tweeny?" said Priscilla. "You needn't stay a tweeny."

"But we're skivvies. Who thinks anything of skivvies?"

"I think a lot o' myself," said Jane sedately, "and I don't call myself silly names. What's the use?"

"It's what other people call us," persisted Priscilla.

"Names don't hurt unless you let 'em," said Jane.

Then they went down to tea. There was a good fire in the hall, and it was decorated with holly and mistletoe. There was a large Christmas cake on the table and a dish of hot buttered toast made by Priscilla. There was jam, and there was gingerbread and there were a few crackers left over from the kitchen dinner. Priscilla had put them on the table without asking permission, but no one found fault with her. The general mood, like the room and the season, was festive. Marie said that Priscilla's sprig of holly was *tres chic*.

"It may be chick, but it ain't proper," said Mrs. Enfield. "You mustn't go upstairs like that, Priscilla."

"No," said Priscilla, looking at the place she had laid for Mr. Digby with impatient expectation. Why had he not come in? What was the use of looking as pretty as paint and wearing a sprig of holly if there was no one to see it?

"Shall I tell Mr. Digby tea is ready?" she said to Mrs. Enfield.

"No," said Mrs. Enfield; "get a tray and I'll send it in to him."

"I thought he was coming in here."

"Not likely."

"A hundred years hence there will be none of these odious class distinctions," announced Meadows; "they will disappear with the spread of education and universal franchise. There is no ground for them now that I can see. We behave just as well down here as they do up there—in fact much better. At luncheon the way Miss Emmy and Captain Villiers carried on with crackers was a caution. If Miss Emmy's like that when she's in the schoolroom, what'll she be when she's out?"

"'Ot stuff," suggested Jane.

"That's not an expression I should use," said Meadows firmly. "Leave it to them upstairs. They're not particular."

While Meadows preached Priscilla collected the best of everything on a small tray and carried it into the kitchen to Mr. Digby. On the top of a slice of Christmas cake she had put a cracker, and he smiled when he saw it.

"Is all that for me?"

"Yes," said Priscilla.

He took up the cracker and offered her one end of it. There was a tug and an explosion, leaving the valuable part containing "jewellery" in Priscilla's hand.

"It's a ring," she said, undoing it, "and some poetry:

"'Cupid had a little dart,
With it he transfixed my heart,
If you'll wear this little ring
The God of Love will dance and sing.'

Poetry is silly, isn't it?"

"That is," said Mr. Digby.

"Shall I bring you another cup of tea?"

"No, thank you."

This was real life, flat stale and unprofitable. The ring you found together led to nothing, not even to a gallant phrase. The romance flaming suddenly within you met no answering flame, but must burn unsatisfied. You spoke of cups of tea and your day's work was to scrape carrots and wash dishes. Christmas brought you heavier tasks than usual, and while upstairs all was luxury and ease, here below, you had to grease the wheels that made the chariot of life go on. Oh! happy rich people whose romances ran as smoothly as their fortunes.

"He must have proposed just after dinner," Meadows was saying, when Priscilla went back to the hall. "They were sitting together in the conservatory. I saw them. Mrs. Brinton looks as pleased as Punch."

"You haven't heard," said Jane to Priscilla. "Meadows had to go up with more cups and found them all talking about it. Captain Villiers is engaged to Miss Adair. They're to be married at Easter."

Opinions differed in the kitchen as to whether Miss Adair was or was not pretty. Easy to be pretty when you could dress as she did, Jane thought. Marie knew the young lady's maid, and told stories of a rich girl's raiment that poor girls listened to as you listen to fairy tales, enjoying but only half believing. Could such things be? Priscilla followed absently.

"Has he given her a ring?" she asked.

"Not yet," said Meadows. "I looked at her left hand to see, but she hadn't a new one. I believe it happened over a cracker."

"Over a cracker?"

"So Miss Emmy told me. She met me just outside the door and she said, 'Meadows, Captain Villiers is engaged to Cousin Joan and we are going to be bridesmaids. It's all through a cracker I pulled with him.' I said, 'How's that, Miss?' and she said, 'There was some poetry inside that they had a lot of fun over at luncheon and Captain Villiers gave it to Miss Adair and asked her to come in the conservatory with him and make up a second verse to it.' Miss Emmy was very excited about it and said she had meant to marry Captain Villiers herself when she was grown up. Fräulein came out and heard her, unfortunately."

"Why unfortunately?" said Jane.

"Gossiping with servants! All the way upstairs she was at it. I heard," said Meadows, with resentment. "Miss Emmy won't get any more harm from me than from her, and not as much, and some day I'll tell her so."

"Old Sauerkraut!" said Jane, and then Mrs. Enfield got up from table, saying that if there was to be a gala

dinner that night there was probably a bit for everyone to do.

Priscilla's part became more arduous as the day drew to its close, and before dinner began she was tired. Except for short intervals at meal-times she had been on her feet for thirteen hours by eight o'clock, when she carried the *hors d'oeuvres* upstairs. She was the little drudge who plied between the kitchen and the smartly dressed maids upstairs. She had been told that she must only whisper outside the dining-room door, and that on no account must she be seen. Before dinner, while the family was dressing, she had stolen upstairs with Jane for a moment to look at the table, so she could imagine what was going on behind those closed doors. Wonderful the table was, set with white flowers and glass and silver and sprigs of holly. Monster crackers there were too, and luscious-looking sweets and candied fruits. Fresh fruits too on the sideboard and Venetian glasses, and on a side table the biggest bottles of champagne. *Magnums* they were called, Jane said. A hired waitress was helping Meadows and Jane, one Meadows knew and approved of. Three of them were none too many for what there would be to do, Jane said. Priscilla's thoughts went to Tinker's Green, and she wondered if her mother had afforded a plum pudding. Priscilla had sent her ten shillings for a Christmas present, but it would only have arrived to-day.

"Is Fräulein coming in to dinner?" she asked.

"Yes; and the young ladies too," said Jane. "It's a family party. After dinner they have games and charades. If we can get done we can stand just outside the door and see them. Captain Villiers is splendid at charades. At least he was last year. Have a chocolate?"

Priscilla helped herself to chocolates

from the brimming dish Jane offered and then went back to the kitchen, where Mr. Digby and Mrs. Enfield were harmoniously dishing-up. Then bells began to ring, there were sounds of arrival and greeting. Meadows came down with scraps of hurried news about what people looked like and what presents they had brought. "Uncle George" had given her two sovereigns to divide downstairs. Eight shillings each if they shared alike. Meadows was willing, though Priscilla was a kid and Marie did nothing for Uncle George. But there was no time now for argument. Hurry up, Priscilla, with those oysters. The dinner was to begin with oysters set out daintily with bits of lemon. The tray was heavy that Priscilla had to carry upstairs.

How she ached with fatigue long before her work was over! How she had to hurry up those dark, steep stairs with the new courses and hurry down with the dirty plates and dishes! But you could not hurry down, because there was an awkward turn at the top of the basement stairs that would throw you if you were not careful. Meadows said that when women had the vote, they would bring in a bill against basements and many-storeyed houses: and a good thing too. But if it was ladies who got into Parliament, they would never trouble, because they had never had to go on even though they were ready to drop. Perhaps they did sometimes when they climbed mountains, but then they had the fun too. Whenever Priscilla got near the dining-room door she heard a gay clash of voices, but she could not see inside. When it came to the plum pudding, Meadows lighted it outside and carried it in burning blue flames. A cheer greeted it that Priscilla heard as, heavily laden, she crawled downstairs. There were still three courses to carry up and bring down: the meringues, a savory and ices for dessert. And then

came the washing-up. That, Mrs. Enfield had said, would take them till midnight, although she meant to help. Priscilla wondered how late Mr. Digby would stay, and whether he would have his supper, like his lunch, in the school-room. She asked when she went down, and was told by Mrs. Enfield to get a tray ready and carry it upstairs, as if ever anyone had earned his supper she could truly say he had.

"What shall I take?" asked Priscilla.

"The best you can find," said Mrs. Enfield, too busy to particularize.

Priscilla forgot that she was tired. She got a tray of the largest size and put oysters on it, rolls and butter and turkey and tongue; some salad too, and a silver dish. As she passed the dining-room door the hall was empty, but she saw what she expected to see, a great pile of uneaten meringues. She filled her dish with these and went upstairs. When she ran down again the maids were coming to and fro clearing the table for dessert.

"Jane," whispered Priscilla, "I want some champagne for Mr. Digby." Jane, who was in a hurry, pointed to one of the big bottles just brought out. It was about a quarter full. Priscilla ran upstairs again and set it on the tray. She had turned on the lights. Now she made up the fire a little. It was very quiet up here, and she suddenly remembered how tired she was. Instead of getting up she sat on her haunches in front of the fire, resting and hoping. In a moment her hope was realized. She heard a firm, quick step coming up the stairs. Mr. Digby, still all in white, came into the room. She sprang to her feet then.

"Why did you bring all this up here?" he said. "I'm sure you're very tired."

"I s'pose you're tired too," said Priscilla.

"I'm always glad when a dinner is over," he said, sitting down and filling

a glass with champagne. He drank a little and then he looked at Priscilla. She did look white and tired. Her body drooped with fatigue and her lids were heavy over her beautiful eyes. She had worked well all day and had hours of work before her. He supposed she was about eighteen: a pretty, well-mannered, gentle girl with a hard life perhaps before her.

"Have some wine too," he said. "It will buck you up."

He filled another glass half-full and gave it to her. They were large glasses, and he did not think she ought to have much.

"I've never tasted it," said Priscilla, taking the glass from him.

"Taste it now."

She drank a little and put the glass down again.

"Don't you like it?"

"I'm not sure." She took back the glass and sipped a little.

"It's pretty," she said, watching the moving beads in it. "I think it's nice."

Again she put the glass to her lips and drank more freely.

"What is this?" said a harsh, gut-

tural voice behind her, and she nearly dropped the glass as she turned to the door. Mr. Digby sprang to his feet and faced Fräulein.

"You are drinking champagne—with the kitchenmaid?" said Fräulein slowly.

"Yes," he said; "I gave her half-a-glass because I know how tired she is."

"Tired!" snorted Fräulein. "Tired? What has she done? It is you who have worked for us all, my good Mr. Tigby."

"Everyone downstairs has worked," said Mr. Digby.

Fräulein turned to Priscilla and spoke with a snarl.

"Why do you wait? Ve do not want you. Go and do your work—if you are still sober."

Priscilla fled, but as she got to the top of the stairs she heard Fräulein address Mr. Digby in honeyed tones, apparently in answer to something he had said:

"But, my dear Mr. Tigby! A kitchenmaid! What can people of education have in common with a kitchenmaid?"

(*To be continued.*)

THE PLEASURES OF EATING.

In turning over recently the pages of a long-forgotten family magazine—strictly a family magazine, be it understood, devised, inscribed, and illustrated by young amateur hands, and not one of those that cater professionally for the domestic hearth—I alighted deliciously on these words occurring in a poem devoted to a denunciation of the abhorrent demon Drink—"Then there would be no more drinking:

Money would be spent in eating."

No doubt the alternative had ap-

peared the only and reasonable one to the mind of the infant Father Mathew who penned it, and who, perchance, had been often goaded to fury, like Miss Miggs's nephew, by the sight of unattainable pastry, while willing to believe that the severe simplicity of the nursery régime owed largely to the extravagance of the dining-room wine bill; or it may have ingenuously voiced the mere human instinct for the pleasure most unquestionable and most persistently recurrent in human affairs—the pleasure of eating. In either case

it was a constructive alternative, which is more than is offered by most reformers bent on some social overthrow.

Maturer brains than our poet's have depicted the Pleasures of Hope and the Pleasures of Memory: none, so far as I know, has had the moral courage to analyze the Pleasure of Eating, which embraces them both. Yet it embodies a fact which, like all facts, is merely a fact because it is a mystery. We know what we like, but we don't know why we like it. It is a fact, say, that I like meringues; but I should not like them at all if the shell were soft instead of crisp, and that though the materials remained precisely the same. Then it is not the meringue I like, but its texture or constitution—and why? I don't know. Nor do I know why among the myriad changes to be rung on eggs, milk, butter, and flour, certain combinations are passable to me, certain grateful, others objectionable. Why, since we are organically uniform, are some viands pleasant to this man, obnoxious to the next—so obnoxious occasionally that to force himself to eat them were harmful? Then it is not so much that what is food to some is black poison to others, as that certain given materials are agreeable to me in this proportion, disagreeable in that. The common denominator is, of course, taste; and there we come to the heart of the mystery. What is taste?

But if we cannot define taste—and most of us differ as to its quality—at least we are all agreed—in our inner selves—that eating constitutes in life that one great unflagging interest, to which all other interests more transitory are subordinate—to which, in fact, they each and all in a measure owe themselves. It is no good for the ascetic, the plain-feeder, to protest: if he is satisfied with lentils and barley-water, then he is satisfied, and

all his other pleasures exist through that satisfaction. He could claim no more were he Vitellus or a cow. What he likes to eat he eats because he likes; and where are we normal folk different?

Gastronomy: the titillation of the palate! What a cheering subject it always is, if one only had the moral bravery to admit it. People talk food with a certain shamefacedness, a pretence of no more than an abstract of dietary interest in a subject they must not be thought to take too seriously. And all the time the important, the substantial business of life lies in eating (for the sake of the infant moralist I omit drinking), and every man, like every horse, knows it. What is a book, a play, music, yea, the very bliss of philandering, on an empty and hungering stomach? Does not the thought of lunch for ever shine to us, like a great light through a lesser, adown the sweet mornings of our trappings, our fairings, our pleasant labors and pleasanter love makings? Be honest and admit it. Not *cherchez la femme* for the source of the world's vagaries, but *cherchez l'estomac*. Indigestion was never yet responsible for a good deed, nor alimentary content for a bad. Eliminate biliousness from the accounts of Robespierre and King Phillip II. of Spain, and what horrors mankind had been spared. It was while our own lusty Henry could still revel in a meal well earned and well digested, as witness the Abbot's beef, that his soul remained comparatively clean of blood-guilt. And so on, and so on. It was Burnaby, was it not, who related how a Tartar guard, richly gorged on mutton, raised a pean throughout a whole night to the fat tail of a sheep. So let the fatness of the earth be our uncompromising theme, and we who rejoice in it the jovial commentators thereon.

Now, it is a source of infinite satis-

faction to me that what is the autobiographer's ban is the romancer's opportunity (and under the term autobiographer I mean to include all that numerous class of writers whose real first purpose in criticising others is to reveal and mostly glorify themselves). One may recognize the all-important bearing of food upon physical, mental, and moral development; but one must not expatiate on the subject, in one's own person, for fear of being thought—briefly, a pig. I can recall, say, this or that dinner, which, of its digestive excellence, was the real propagator in me of sentiments which hashed mutton would have left dormant, and which were not only expressed, but brilliantly expressed, in a manner to procure me great credit for them with those who hearkened, and—what is more significant—with myself. For sentiments once expounded become the property of the expounder, and, if they are good sentiments, it is all to the expounder's moral advantage to have to live up to them. Yet, unless he would forego that credit with others, he must by no means particularize, course by course, the details of his inspiration, lest the charge of gluttony come to cheapen all the written effect of his sapience.

But with the romancer it is quite different. *He* can put into the mouths of his characters, not only the choicest tit-bits of his own epicurean fancy, but the most admirable sentiments calculated to make those "go down" with the public—and all without exciting any suspicion as to his own fond interest in the matter in readers who would turn up their noses at the greedy historian or biographer who should venture thus to enlarge upon the gastronomic predilections of *his* characters.

Indeed every story-teller or novelist who knows his business knows this, that not only will a particularizing of

dishes—where it is necessary to mention food—be forgiven him, but that a shirking, on any grounds, of his duty in that respect would not be regarded by his public with favor. For there can be a sauce in words excessively toothsome to those who are without any sort of responsibility towards its compounder or the puppets it gratifies, and to sit down to table in the company of these shadows is to enjoy with them all the pleasures of self-indulgence without its shame.

It is the duty, I say, then, of every right novelist to deal specifically with such feeding business as comes his way; and to examine the works of the masters is to be justified in that assertion. Supported by these, I do confidently asseverate that for a novelist to scamp his bill of fare, so to speak—for whatever reason of puritanism, asceticism, intellectuality, high-thinking, or other such superior gammon—is as bad as it is for a "treasure-story" writer to generalize briefly on the subject of his exhumed booty. And there I have always nursed a little grievance against Stevenson himself, inasmuch as he, in that otherwise perfect flower of romance, the "Treasure Island," did not permit his reader to be present at the first finding and overhauling of Captain Flint's strong boxes, but was content to dilute his excitement by way of a rather anticlimactic sketch of their contents. That, however, in parenthesis. It is food that is on the board, and the discussion thereof. I remember once casually meeting an old friend, and being asked to dine with him that night—*en famille*. "Pot-luck," said he. "We shall make no difference for *you*." That was meant for compliment, a kindly and natural inclusion of me in the family circle. But for the occasion, it occurs to me, I should have preferred being treated like a stranger. I don't recall what came out of the

pot, but at least I may opine, without offence, that it fell short in interest of the glorious melange spooned up by the landlord of "The Jolly Sandboys" for the delectation of Messrs. Short and Codlin. Just listen to it:—

"It's a stew of tripe," said the landlord, smacking his lips, "and cow-heel," smacking them again, "and bacon," smacking them once more, "and steak," smacking them for the fourth time, "and peas, cauliflowers, new potatoes, and sparrow-grass, all working up together in one delicious gravy."

Delicious gravy! I should think so, It makes one, reading it, feel almost as faint as Mr. Codlin, before he stoppered himself with a dry biscuit. Look at the luscious subtlety of the choice. I would walk twenty miles in the rain any day for such a stew as that.

But Dickens knew his business, if any man did. No bloodless generalizations for him. When he set out to make one's mouth water he saw to it that the provocation should be complete. There is a dinner described in "Bleak House" which, for all its unpretentious simplicity, is, to me, a triumph of gustatory selection. It is eaten in the Slap-Bang dining-house by gentlemen no less distinguished than Mr. Guppy, Mr. Jobling, and Mr. Smallweed junior of the venerable eye, and consists of veal and ham and French beans ("and don't you forget the stuffing, Polly") with three pint pots of half-and-half superadded, and presently to those a dish of summer cabbage, for the especial behoof of Mr. Jobling the voracious. Thereafter succeed three marrow puddings—a comestible unknown to me personally, but rich in suggestion—followed by "three Cheshires," the lot being topped up by "three small rums." Complete, you see—thought out, not thrown off, by a man who made his creatures speak for his own excellent discrimination in the choice of viands. I wager

Dickens had eaten that very meal himself.

But he is always happy in his culinary allusions: it is never enough with him to say that a man dined; the dinner itself must be described, must be brought to enter specifically into the spirit of the situation recorded. When mention of food is called for in a jovial connection, it is appetizing food; when in a dreary, it is savorless. Witness, for instance, the Pickwickian shooting-party, and the contents of the hamper by the very side of which Mr. Weller, nimbly avoiding "young leathers," shot out his master from the wheelbarrow. They are to be made, be it observed, mere vehicles for Sam's wit; but are they on that account arbitrarily and insensibly selected for the purpose? Certainly not. There they are and thence they are drawn, a lunch any cunning caterer for hungry sportsmen might provide, and the humorist has to adapt his waggeries to the unforced issue. "Weal pie—a very good thing, when you knows the lady as made it, . . . tongue, knuckle o' ham, cold beef in slices, beer in one stone jar, cold punch in t'other,"—there, in brief, and less the Admirable's comments, stands the list, and who shall say that it is not *the* list, in the circumstances of sport and exercise and the hot velvety turf "side of One-tree Hill"?

On the other hand, we have Scrooge's gruel, the Marchioness's dreary waste of cold potatoes, and, most unforgettable, the Pecksniffian welcome to young Martin Chuzzlewit, which consisted of "two bottles of currant wine—white and red; a dish of sandwiches (very long and very slim); another of apples; another of Captains' biscuits (which are always a moist and jovial sort of viand); a plate of oranges cut up small and gritty; with powdered sugar and a highly geological home-made cake." Again, for contrast, cite

invalid Mr. Swiveller's surprise basket, and, of course, the Cratchit Christmas dinner. Even when it is a question of a mere snack *en passant*, this complete artist is not going to scamp his business to the extent of leaving one cold as to its character, but he will, in the very process of completing a long book, serve one up "three kidney ones" (meaning three savory patties), "each with a hole at the top, into which the civil man poured hot gravy out of a spouted can, as if he were feeding three lamps." Whereby, by way of the tit-bit and the ludicrous simile, he, the cunning author, not only secures but excuses one's keenest gastronomic interest at a crucial pass. To me, I confess, "Little Dorrit" ends with those "kidney ones," and the subsequent wedding from the Marshalsea leaves me comparatively cold.

But to quote from Dickens in any respect of the novelist's art is to draw on the inexhaustible. Thackeray, again, is not the man to put one off with a beggarly account of empty covers; though in him we touch dietetics on the higher plane of the cultured gourmet. Who does not recall, first of all, in the Jos Sedley connection, the *pillau* especially prepared for the Collector of Bogley Wollah, and the turbot, the best in Billingsgate, and the two plates full of strawberries and cream, and the twenty-four little neglected rout-cakes in a dish, all so feelingly selected, and all expressing, one may feel sure, the novelist's personal predilections in the terms of that fat glutton? Then there is that triumph of gastronomic invention, the feast—served up by M. Mirobolant, but devised wholly by Mr. Thackeray—for the entertainment of the little white Miss and her young comrades of the pension: *Potage à la Reine*, to wit, "confectioned with the most fragrant cream and almonds," and *filet de merlan à l'Agnès*, and

éperlan à la Sainte Thérèse, and entrées of sweetbread and chicken, and a "little roast of lamb, . . . in a meadow of spinaches, surrounded with *croustillons* representing sheep, and ornamented with daisies, &c." After which came the pudding (the only *plat* neglected in detail), and the opal-colored plovers' eggs, with the "tender volatiles" billing in the midst, and the jelly of marasquin, "bland, insinuating," and the ice of *plombière* and cherries, and, for exhilarating top to all, the sparkling Al. "Tell Monsieur Mirobolant that we thank him—we admire him—we love him!" Tell Mr. Thackeray, rather—for the reason that he has so magnificently fulfilled this essential part of the true novelist's business.

Scott no less recognized his duty in this respect—of course he did. Passing by the rich suggestiveness of Caleb Balderstone's phantom joints and kickshaws, let us rejoice with good Sir Walter, *en guise de* Master Quentin of the holly sprig, over the glorious profusion of Maître Pierre's breakfast board. "There was a *pâté de Périgord*, over which a gastronome would have wished to live and die, like Homer's lotus-eaters . . . raising vast walls of magnificent crust—" (see, as he writes, the beatific smile on the lips of the wizard). "There was a delicate ragout, with just that *petit point de l'ail* which Gascons love, and Scotchmen do not hate" (observe the arch and zestful twinkle of the eye). "There was a delicate ham" (wild-boar), little round loaves of white bread called *boules*, and about a quart—a quart, mind you!—of exquisite *Vin de Beaulne*. "So many good things might have created appetite under the ribs of death."

Yes, Scott knew his business; and so, to jump from one *sybaritica mensa* to the next that offers haphazard, did Cervantes. Let us recall, if you please—to name no less—the colossal pro-

portions of Camacho's feast: the whole steer, spitted on a large elm, and dripping from its ample belly the concentrated juices of twelve small sucking pigs emollently enshrined therein; the six enormous coppers, gorged with bubbling meats, into which whole sheep were plunged, to sink and be lost in them as in a delectable quagmire; the countless cased hares and trussed fowls, hanging from the branches of the trees like plums in a prolific season; the ramparts of bread, the walls of cheeses; the vats of oil in which to fry pancakes and the vessels of honey in which to dip them; the profusion of provocative spices, and the wine wherewith to satisfy the provocation—threescore skins of it, and a sprightly liquor. One's hand falters, one's digestion gasps and flutters even in the skimming of a revel so Gargantuan. Who can compete with these giants when they are moved to set out the table for us in their princeliest fashion? It is even a relief to turn from them to those smaller men who, while not possessing the boundless imagination of a Cervantes or a Rabelais, are yet alive enough to a sense of their responsibility in the conduct of the commissariat.

Thus, for instance, leery John Fry of the Doone Country, and his "hot mooton pasty," dished up in the tin with the gravy, the very smell of which was enough, in John Ridd's nostrils, "to make an empty man thank God for the room there was inside him." Or, again, the royal mince-pie—"made of golden pippins finely shred, with the undercut of the sirloin, and spice and fruit accordingly"—with which that same bulky hero fed the starving lips of his inimitable love. It is little, to be sure, but it is the right stuff; for the wrong would have been to mention the mince-pie and withhold the nature of its components.

Well, I could quote and quote, but

only, as it might deplorably prove, *ad nauseam*. Yet, were it not to overdo the moral, I could dwell with emotion on Piscator's rapture over the eel he had once eaten, and which he wished could have been as long as that other caught in the Peterborough river, a monster stretching a yard and three quarters from nose to tail and stout in proportion. Think of the jubilant prodigality of that wish—five feet and over of thumping eel in a man measuring himself, perhaps, no more. It reminds me of a small carp I once possessed, and which I used to feed on huge garden worms—but, enough. *This* eel, the lesser one, had been prepared, after the honest angler's—that is to say, Walton's—own recipe, in the following manner,—but, no, I must restrain myself. Yet, as I resign the topic, I cannot help lingering for one moment over that book of books, better than any novel in its sprightly psychology, the book of Johnson, and noting incidentally, among many lovably characteristic passages touching upon the big fellow's prodigious appetite and far from despicable partialities, his liking for hot veal-pie.

One last example only now remains to me, and that I give for the sole reason that it is germane to my subject, which in truth, as first conceived by me, turned upon the comparative merits of past and modern cookery, and not at all upon the novelist's concern in gastronomies. Only, somehow, I was led away by my personal feelings.

Here, then, is the menu for a family dinner, time, latter eighteenth century, as compiled authoritatively by Lord Beaconsfield (another, infinitely more lavish and suggestive, is cited in Russell's "Collections and Reflections") :—

"The ample tureen of potage royal had a boned duck swimming in its centre. At the other end of the table scowled in death the grim countenance

of a huge roast pike, flanked on one side by a leg of mutton *à la daube*, and on the other by the tempting delicacies of Bombarded Veal. To these succeeded that masterpiece of the culinary art, a grand Battalia Pie, in which the bodies of chickens, pigeons, and rabbits were embalmed in spices, cocks' combs, and savory balls, and well bedewed with one of those rich sauces of claret, anchovy, and sweet herbs in which our grandfathers delighted, and which was technically termed a Lear. A Florentine tourte or tansy, an old English custard, a more refined blancmange, and a riband jelly of many colors offered a pleasant relief after these vaster inventions, and the repast closed with a dish of oyster loaves and a pompotone of larks."

It is in documents such as this that I find food—and certainly no stint of it—for the reflection, have we really advanced or degenerated in these days in the dietetic art? It is the habit, of course, to regard our ancestors as somewhat omnivorous barbarians, who in matters culinary preferred on the whole quantity to quality, and whose ruder palates were incapable of the nice discriminations of to-day. I am not disposed, I think, to subscribe to that belief, or to debit the Apiciuses of the past with an uncultured artlessness in their commendations. Indeed I have a strong suspicion that, as regarded the choice preparation of their viands, they fed altogether better than we do, in an era when every wife, aye, and every daughter, thought great honor of qualifying herself for the first of the domestic fine arts; and that when they gushed over a venison pasty, or an oyster loaf, or *crêtes de cocq en bonnets*, they gushed over something which, if we could be served with it *à l'ancienne mode*, would probably surprise us with its unexpected excellence. We judge them, in fact, by their jolly prodigality rather than by any knowledge of what that prodigality repre-

sented to them in the way of individual flavors. One cannot recapture the mellifluous accents of a Sims Reeves or a Signor Garcia on hearsay, nor can one retaste a Battalia pie with Lear sauce by reading about it. But at least, in the latter connection, we have the evidence of countless manuscript cookery-books, as preserved from time immemorial in quiet unassuming families, to testify to the superiority of many ancient recipes over their degenerate posterity. I have a little list of my own, gathered haphazard from memory, with which (if I may be believed) to justify my contention, that at least *some* excellent delicacies are not to be tasted now in the perfection they used. Here it is: pork-pie, pickled onions (I blush to record them; but wait a bit), lemon jelly, damson cheese, orange gin or brandy, and cowslip wine. You can buy all these things nowadays at the grocer's or the provision merchant's—these *things* forsooth! They turn them out, flabby, anemic pretenders, by the vat or ton—none of the personal equation in a shopful of them; not a hint of the infinite time and skill once thought necessary to be devoted to their production, and without the signs of which our ancestors would have ruled them worthless. They *are* in comparison. Oh, that pork-pie, a martello tower of savoriness, its rich crisp walls, like those of Maitre Pierre's pâté, inviting to be stormed and crunched! I know what a nice particularity of rubbing and beating went to their peculiar composition, so remote from that of their lean and lardy successors. And the p. o.'s—I cannot bring myself to wrong them even by titular comparison with the rank modern impostors soaking pallidly in their glass bottles. Those are plebeian food indeed, not to be mentioned in polite circles. But the others! boiled, with a multitude of cloves and peppercorns, in kingly ver-

juice, no less; consigned to great jars, there to ripen and soften in grateful darkness until the day, years thence, when they should be brought forth as—no, not that, but as a relish worthy of an epicure's palate; tender little spheres, mellowed, like a Rembrandt picture, by age to a rich and golden umber. Then the jelly, oozing drop by drop from the point of an inverted pierrot's cap, set in a stand before the fire (an open range, of course) and presently justifying the leisurely process in a form as limpid bright as

Blackwood's Magazine.

moulded sunbeams. So with the damson cheese, the orange brandy, and numberless others. Time, as they say in deeds, was of the essence of all these contracts, and it is just time nowadays that we are driven to do without. It is also, as I am reminded, of the essence of this, and so to an end. Only let me quote in conclusion one proverb, jovial and appropriate, amongst many, I must confess, to the contrary:—

"He that eats longest lives longest."

Bernard Capes.

THE DRAMA AS A FACTOR IN SOCIAL PROGRESS.*

[This address—the last delivered by my brother before his untimely death—seems to me, apart from the truth and eloquence of its appeal, so characteristic of the writer himself, so expressive of his high ideals, his humanity, his earnest striving to serve his calling faithfully and well, and so strangely fitting in places with the unforeseen event which our stage deplores to-day, that I have asked my friend, Mr. Courtney, to make it known to English readers in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*.—H. B. Irving.]

Every child is a theatre-lover and every child is a born actor. I will not say that every child is born with the skill to act, but at least every child is born with the desire to act. From what does this desire spring? It springs, I believe, from the divine gift of dissatisfaction—from that quality of the human mind which has been very well summed up in a Russian proverb that says: "Happiness is there where we are not."

What human creature is satisfied with the conditions and environment into which it is born? A certain inevitability reconciles us at an early age to our own particular father and

mother, but otherwise it is, I am sure, a primary condition of human existence to envy the lot of others as contrasted with our own. We all know that a millionaire's son in his early years will probably above all things wish to be a tram-conductor, or an engine-driver, and an engine-driver's son will probably above all things wish to be a Lord Mayor's footman, or something equally resplendent. And the child of the millionaire, feeling himself trammelled by what appear to him, in the budding state of his intelligence, as the inane and perfectly unpleasurable millions of his father, loves to get himself well grimed and to imagine himself heroically annihilating space on the footplate of an engine; whilst the son of the engine-driver, being bred up in an atmosphere of coal and machinery, finds no charm whatsoever in either. Both these young gentlemen no doubt in early years solace their disappointment, and as far as possible satiate their energy, by the art of acting, that is, by imagining themselves to be, and pretending to be, the objects of their envy.

With the growth of the body and the mind this projecting of the imagination

* An address delivered before the University of Toronto, in Convocation Hall, March 10th, 1914.

into other states of being, and this dissatisfaction with the actual and compulsory conditions of the earthly lot, deepens and becomes intensified in the heart of the adult; it is touched to even finer issues; and in the noblest of minds it finds its ultimate imaginative bourne in the sublime philosophy of religious contemplation and the transcendental visions of religious ecstasy. The burnt cork which the little boy of three or four years smears on his upper lip, whilst he tastes the reckless and ferocious joys of imagining himself a pirate captain, has no doubt often developed and sanctified into the tonsure of the monk. In such strange and mysterious ways does the wanton imagination of the boy change into the sublime and purified yearning of the full-grown man.

It is the desire of the heart that draws after it the imagination, and in its turn, the imagination saturates the desire of the heart. For the ultimate desire of the heart is bound at last in the final resort to turn towards religion. And I do not think I can better illustrate to you the exact meaning of my thought than by quoting what seems to me one of the most perfectly solemn and exquisitely phrased poems that I have ever read:

"DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA.

"In the hour of death, after this life's
whim,
When the heart beats low and the eyes
grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb—
The lover of the Lord shall trust in
Him.

"When the will has forgotten the life-
long aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its
fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own
name—
The power of the Lord shall fill his
frame.

"When the last sigh is heaved, and the
last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the
bed,
And the widow and child forsake the
dead—
The angel of the Lord shall lift his
head.

"For even the purest delight may pall,
And power must fall, and the pride
must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends
grow small—
But the glory of the Lord is all in
all."

Who can resist the sublime summons of those sixteen lines? And whoever has seen the famous mystery play *Everyman* will surely feel that a like supernal grandeur of sentiment has been borne in upon him, with all the added vividness of human presentation, from the stage of a theatre.

Perceiving this enormous power of influence, it has come about that in all ages the theatre has received its initial development at the hands of the priesthood, and under the agis of religion. Those whose special pretension it has been to inculcate upon their fellow-men the higher standards of conduct and to safeguard them against backsliding by the promises of an after life, have never at the outset failed to realize that for the inculcation of the particular virtues set forth in their several creeds, and for the preservation of a fine and noble imagination, no channel is so direct and powerful as that of the stage. This is clearly exemplified in the religious origin of Greek tragedy, in the miracle and mystery plays of mediæval Christianity, and in what are known as the Buddhistic No dramas of Japan; we even see the same phenomenon amongst the nomadic tribes of Siberia, as Tolstoi has told us in his famous essay: "What is Art?" Which makes it the more pitiful to see how much of modern drama has become at the best trivial

and at the worst salacious. A fact which calls for no demonstration—it is before the eyes of all of us.

But there are manifold signs to-day that the theatre is returning—nay, has already traversed a great part of the way—towards the august founts from which it sprang; that it is becoming again a draught of clear and life-giving water for the parched and thirsty imagination, as well as a stay and a stimulus to the loftiest emotions of our nature.

There is no doubt that the stage presents, in common with every human-impulse and every human activity, a power for evil in closest proximity to its power for good. One sees how a noble ambition most easily degenerates into a love of idle glory and conquest; how kindliness of disposition may gradually sink into a mere lazy toleration; how purity of conduct often leads to a hard self-righteousness of outlook; how love of one's family may gradually shrink into a narrow exclusiveness, and love of one's country into a mere purblind Jingoism.

As it is with our moral qualities, so it is with the institutions which minister to our wants or supply our pleasures; and as is the case with all other arts, so it is with the theatre. The theatre can diffuse light and high imaginative sustenance, or it can pour forth streams of debasement and pollution. And many nobly zealous but unwise moralists have fallen into the terrible pit of banning all art, and most particularly the theatrical, as being the most vivid in its appeal, because of this duality of influence.

In trying to eradicate the high pleasures of the theatre from the purview of their flocks, these good-minded people have set themselves a labor of Sisypheus; and, however estimable the motives which actuate them in trying to curtail the imagination of one of its keenest pleasures, it behoves them to

be warned that by depriving themselves of what should be a lofty and legitimate source of delight and inducing others to do the same they are simply abandoning the field of theatrical entertainment to be overrun with tares and leaving the laborious husbandman, who spends his artistic life sowing and trying to reap a harvest of worthy theatrical entertainment, by the abstention of these pious folk, to be gradually weighed down beneath neglect and disappointment; or, what is still worse, if he be not of very strong fibre, gradually forced to lower his work to the low standard of taste dictated by those who patronize the theatre only to degrade it. But such a warning is, I think, more necessary on our side of the Atlantic than on yours.

Of this kind of degradation imposed on a great writer by the public of his time we have a very notable example in Dryden, who may induce our pity, but hardly our respect, when he pleads the low theatrical tastes of his day in exoneration of the grossness of his own plays. Nevertheless, in the age of the Restoration as in every other—the age which produced *The Pilgrim's Progress*—there must have been a vast public that could have found wholesome relaxation and the loftiest edification in the theatre. But, alas, libertinage had taken possession of the boards, and bigotry—certainly in this case very excusable—had written up over the door of every playhouse—"Abandon Hope All Ye Who Enter Here."

And, unhappily, even to the present day that bigotry still holds its sway over the spirit of many an otherwise admirable person. The conflict between high and low—between evil and good, between the spirit and the flesh—must rage within the breast of every one of us, and therefore nothing that proceeds from our mental or spiritual activities can exist without it—but to say that Art, or any branch of Art,

is wholly and irredeemably given over to the purposes of evil is surely a blasphemy against a function of the human spirit which, as I have pointed out, has received its earliest recorded form as a concerted and elaborate act of prayer and praise, as a means for inculcating acceptance of the dictates and obedience to the revelations of the Heavenly powers.

Granting, then, that the true function of the stage be to strengthen men in high resolves, to expand their sympathies and, in the case of comedy, to correct their foibles and to keep their minds healthily poised, how does the present-day theatre discharge this trust?

For my part, though in a very obvious transition state, I think that the theatre is to-day in a period of lusty strength and bursting promise; and, without wishing to wound the susceptibilities of anyone present to-day—but since I am committed to express as candidly as lies in me my views regarding the form of artistic activity by which I live—I cannot help saying that I feel that the religious feeling of the community at large is more thoroughly interpreted and more vigorously expounded by the work of our great writers and dramatists than by any other body of men. I think that in these days religion has, so to say, burst its bonds; it has ceased to dwell in the high places with its sacred fire guarded by some College of Ministers, or sacred sisterhood of Vestals; it has come down into the market place; its fire burns on every hearth; it permeates and sanctifies the pages of such writers as Victor Hugo, Charles Dickens, Lyoff Tolstoi, John Galsworthy, Maurice Maeterlinck—nay, even on the pages of that laughing, but ever kindly humanitarian philosopher, George Bernard Shaw, and that relentless arraigner of social ills, Eugène Brieux; it likewise sends suffragettes

to jail, and, when carefully examined, the religious instinct is undoubtedly at the root of that vast universally upheaving force which we loosely lump together under the vague term of socialism.

To-day the individual cannot breathe without taking in draughts of socialistic tendency, and every vent of our much criticized and sorely troubled social order exudes the same balm, or as some would call it, the same virus. It behoves the State—as at the present time it behoves us all—to take stock of and to resent the terrible waste of life, the misdirection of energy, the vast stagnant pool of degrading penury that in my own country most flagrantly and pitifully assails the eye of anyone who late at night on a summer's evening walks by the railings of Hyde Park or by the polluted waters of the Thames—once the inspiration of poets and now the laceration of every sympathetic heart. Such a spectacle should stab one's patriotism if it be a true patriotism, to the very core; and it should turn one's pleasures to gall if one's pleasures be of the kind that are worthy of a human being.

A great cry for the draining of these social quagmires that pollute the air we breathe and the ground we tread on, is going up in all lands, and from all manner of people. And the stage is rightly taking its share in riveting our gaze upon these evils.

There is a great, and I think, a very right impatience of the quietistic injunction so comforting to the selfish well-to-do that "the poor shall be always with us." Perhaps they shall, but need they be with us in such enormous numbers or in poverty so filthy?

The theatre has in a hundred and one directions sought to bring home to our consciences the preventability of much of the misery that darkens the world, and in doing so the modern

theatre has incurred the stigma of being sordid, squalid, cheerless, didactic; many of the foremost dramatists have been branded as pamphleteers. Nor are these charges false. And power that might have been devoted to the creation of works of beauty and exaltation has been diverted to purposes which were at one time served exclusively in the pulpit, and not in the playhouse. Perhaps the three most illustrious instances of this diverting of creative genius to social exhortation are presented in the cases of Ruskin, Tolstol, and William Morris. As in every man of vast genius the primary impulse and the dominating force comes from what in figurative language we term the heart, it is for that reason that these three artistic giants, as well as many of lesser stature, did in the maturity of their powers to a large extent forego the pursuit and creation of works of art to raise their potent voices on behalf of the outcast and downtrodden of Society. It is the ugliness of so much of modern life, its base and ruthless pursuit of money, its vulgar material standards, which are answerable for the dethronement of that joyous instinct from which works of the highest art spring. It is only the small singer or dramatist who is able to sit aloof and tune his pipe or manipulate the puppets of his imagination whilst hundreds of thousands are born into the mire, live in it and die in it.

I do not think any great creative artist has ever been satisfied with the creed of "Art for Art's Sake." The big men care first and last for the welfare of their own kind—pity ever wells up in their hearts, and from that divine sentiment are born such terrible arraignments of modern conditions, such passionate pleas for amelioration as *Resurrection*, as many burning passages in *Fors Clavigera*, as *Les Misérables*, as Tolstol's *Dominion of Darkness*; in drama, as the bulk of the work of

Galsworthy and Brieux, and many more.

Yet we must hold to the belief that the travail of unrest now permeating, one might almost say, the globe, will eventually bring forth a state in which toil and leisure will be fairly adjusted between man and man; and that out of such a social redistribution there will re-arise a condition propitious and fruitful in the creation of great works of universal Art.

Thus in the theatre, as in every other art, we must keep our lamps burning, so that when the cleansing fire of high passionate dramatic work or the pure clear flame of lucid comedy is again offered to us as it was in the days of Shakespeare and the days of Molière we may, as actors, be found ready equipped to interpret to the utmost finish of our art—fine diction, clear enunciation, appropriate gesture, eloquent facial play—the renascent genius of our writers.

Not that I would for a moment suggest that most brilliant work is not being done, as well in the British as in the foreign drama. On the contrary, there is plenty of such work now to hand—finer, I think, than the actor has had presented to him for many decades, rich in clever character study and fresh with wit and humor. But for the most part it is what I would call contentious work—the dust of controversy is apt to cake it, and the source of much of its inspiration came from that gloomy Scandinavian Titan whose perspicuous and somewhat morose broodings certainly enveloped much of his work in what dear old Samuel Johnson characterized as "inspissated gloom." But, as I say, there is every sign of revival of a more joyous, a more care-free art—Mr. W. B. Yeats spoke very wisely and very feelingly on this topic the other day in Montreal—and our civic and social life is indivisibly bound up with our facul-

ties for giving and receiving high artistic enjoyment. Only as we move forward along the path of social amelioration—the path that shall once for all dispel the false animosities of races and nations, which shall found distinctions of class on a basis of conduct and attainment and not of birth, which shall teach Science to follow its salutary labors without torturing the bodies of our humbler fellow-creatures—that is, when war, snobbism and vivisection are relegated to the shameful limbo of cannibalism, voodoo, witchcraft and other excesses of the barbarous state—when the divine teaching of Christianity as regards our conduct to one another, and the sweet tenets of Buddhism as regards our kinship to the animal world; when they shall have made our material progress what it should be, a source of wise peace, of lightness and of increased recreation for all, then again I think we shall

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enter into that Palace of Art whose service has been very beautifully described in a passage I lit on the other day from the writings of the Hindoo poet Tagore:

"My heart is full and I feel that happiness is simple like a meadow flower,

We grasp it with a cruel eagerness and crush it; we jump beyond it in our mad pursuit and miss it forever.

I look around me and see the silent sky and flowing water and feel that happiness is spread abroad as simply as a smile on a child's face."

Again, I think Samuel Taylor Coleridge has, with something of the simplicity the Hindoo poet so beautifully characterizes, summed up the spiritual position of man in these two lines:—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small."

Laurence Irving.

FORTUNE AND MR. PETERSTON.

BY W. E. CULE.

CHAPTER II.

MR. PETERSTON AT A SECRET SHRINE.

Mr. Peterston did not meet Mr. Butterworth on the following morning. He had intended to do so, and to rally him upon the failure of the great joke; but though he had handled the emissary with signal success, he knew that in an exchange of banter he was no match for the chief jester. He decided, therefore, to wait a day or two, until the matter had lost its freshness. As I have said, Mr. Peterston did many things timorously.

There is no difficulty in avoiding an acquaintance in the great concourse that streams citywards every morning from Forest Gate, and he reached Cannon Street unmolested. There he plodded through the routine of the morning with his usual diligence, only

pausing in the march of his work when half-past twelve had struck. Then he laid aside his pen, changed his office coat, and went down to Ludgate Hill for his modest and solitary lunch.

This took only twenty minutes to-day, for Mr. Peterston had other purposes to carry out within the hour. Crossing the Hill, he turned into Pilgrim Street, threaded the groups in New Bridge Street, and so passed down to the Embankment. His was always a sufficiently modest little figure in his shabby black, and with the well-worn silk hat that obstinately refused the perpendicular; but on this occasion there was also something furtive in his air and carriage. He was engaged upon a secret errand of which he felt himself slightly ashamed.

Yet there seemed to be nothing sinister

ter in his course of action. When he reached the riverside near Blackfriars Bridge, he continued his way until he found himself just opposite the City of London School. There he halted, and, leaning against the wall, stood for some five minutes gazing steadily westward, toward Waterloo Bridge and Westminster.

"Ah," he said at last, under his breath, "it is still there!"

As he spoke he glanced over his shoulder, as if alarmed at the expression of his own thought; but there was no one near him, and in any case his voice would have been lost in the screaming of the gulls which were being fed by the dinner-hour loungers a little farther down. So Mr. Peterston, reassured, turned again to his long gaze westward, concentrating his attention upon the hazy outlines of Whitehall Court.

From where he stood, the airy pinnacles of this building seemed to rise from the centre of the river, shrouded in the mists of the winter day. The whole appearance was curiously unsubstantial but distinctly beautiful, as though some castle from Fairyland had been mysteriously projected into the vista of London river and warehouse. It is to be doubted, indeed, whether such an effect is to be seen anywhere else in London. The view of St. Paul's dome from the windings of Fleet Street is more imposing and majestic, and Mr. Peterston had often admired it; but this river scene was of a different character, and had had a special and intimate value in his life. It touched a phase in his disposition which had never been revealed even to his closest friend. And the way of it was this.

Thirty years ago, during the strenuous days of his first settlement in London, he had wandered down to the Embankment one afternoon, and had unexpectedly come upon this river

scene, with the fantastic palace showing in the mist beyond the bridge. Strangely attracted at the time, he had never lost the impression of that first discovery. He could not have explained it, but there was no doubt that this scene appealed to some curious vein of the romantic in his make-up. His work was a monotonous routine; but here he saw a suggestion, as it were, that sometimes marvellous things might happen, that there was a realm of the beautiful-fantastic that occasionally did impinge upon the world of matter of fact, just as that thing of fairy pinnacles was found in a vista of muddy water and grimy warehouse. So sometimes in the darkest and dreariest days of Cannon Street he had strolled down to the Embankment to see this thing once more, going away often with a new and most unreasonable sense of pleasure.

Of late years, however, his visits had been less frequent, for various reasons. His work had tested him more severely than of old, and fantastic possibilities had faded into a farther distance. To-day the old spirit, touched by Butterworth's jest, had been aroused once more, and he had resolved to revisit the scene. His conviction was that its glamour had been magnified by the imagination of youth, and that the reality would prove totally unlike his recollection. His surprise was considerable to find that there was actually no difference. Even the winter mists helped the picture, and on this gray day the effect was more beautiful than ever. Hence his remark, followed in a while by the pertinent reflection, "It looks the same, certainly; but naturally it doesn't move one in the same way now. One grows too hard and too old to weave fancies around facts. It was glamour, my boy—glamour; and that doesn't last till you're fifty-two. You've dropped it somewhere in Cannon Street, and you won't pick it up again."

He remained some moments longer, lost in reflection that was entirely free from bitterness, even if it was far from cheerful; then he became aware of the flight of time, the chill of the turgid river, the harsh screaming of the gulls. He turned his back upon the magic picture and made his way eastward again.

"And now," he said, with a sigh—"now to forestall friend Butterworth! They shall be nicely sold if they come round to that address at four, expecting to see me about there. I believe the fellow smelt a rat at the last, but still they may come. Let me see; the number was 95, wasn't it?"

He glanced at his shirt-cuff, and found that this was correct. By this time he was in Queen Victoria Street, and he passed up its broad avenue till he found the number he had mentioned.

"Here it is," he said to himself. "Why, I have passed the door a thousand times. If such a name as Lisle had been there I should have noticed it."

Most definitely and distinctly, the name of Lisle & Lisle was not there. There were two suites of offices upstairs; but one was occupied by a civil engineer, and the other by an estate agent and surveyor. Quite satisfied and almost pleased, but resolved to make sure, Mr. Peterston made a thorough survey of the locality, re-examined his shirt-cuff, verified the number, and then entered the office of the civil engineer.

A young man who came to meet him was obliging but business-like. "No," he said, "I don't know Lisle & Lisle. There's no such firm in this block."

"Are you quite sure?" asked Mr. Peterston.

"Rather!" said the young man.

"And you have heard nothing of that name?"

"Nothing!"

Mr. Peterston nodded. "Ah," he

said, unwarily, "it is just as I thought! I knew they wouldn't be here."

Whereat the business-like young man betrayed signs of agitation. There was nothing in Mr. Peterston to command his respect. "Then why on earth do you bother me?" he asked vigorously. "Do I look as if I enjoyed answering questions—eh?"

"You'll never be a civil engineer, anyway," said Mr. Peterston pleasantly; and with that and a mild "Good-day," he left the building. But as he went out he observed that the estate agent and surveyor on the second floor bore the suggestive name of Trapp, and he smiled again. Butterworth was a clever fellow!

Nevertheless, it was with a sense of depression that he passed up under the shadow of St. Paul's into Cannon Street, for he had been unable to check entirely the play of fancy. He had seen, for instance, some of the things that would have happened if this impossible story had been true. He had seen the face of his wife, full of a glad wonder that had transformed it. Then the girls' faces—those two healthy girls with the insufficient boots—he had seen their faces also turned to him and to his amazing story in speechless delight. And now—yes, he was certainly depressed. He remembered again that he was fifty-two, and that he had never been able to save. He still had to take extreme care of his clothes, and his wife still had to "contrive."

At half-past one he was back at his mahogany desk, with his best air of diligence and attention. No man guessed that he was in reality a cherisher of fantastic fancies, and that he had that day paid a stealthy visit to the shrine of his earlier years, with a timid attempt to recall its almost vanished worship; but doubtless the marble-hearted City knew, and Mr. Peterston's doom was already pronounced.

The cashier, his nearest neighbor, younger by fifteen years, glanced at him now and again with unusual interest, but generally when Mr. Peterston's attention was elsewhere. He noticed the droop of his senior's shoulders, the grayness of his head through the glass screen, and once or twice he shook his own head solemnly. He wondered if Mr. Peterston had saved much.

But on Friday evening the cashier had little time to spare even for his next neighbor. From half-past four to five a long queue of men and women, boys and girls, passed before the desk at which he stood, each to receive a small square envelope, light or heavy according to circumstances, and bearing not a name but a number. Thus the City coldly gave them the price she placed upon their time, and sent them shuffling down the floor with the means to maintain their labor for another week. And through all the noise Mr. Peterston toiled on at his invoices, trying to forget his depression in work.

Soon after five the procession had passed, and the room was comparatively quiet again; always remembering, of course, that it vibrated all day with the thunder of wheels and the echo of carters' voices in the street below. It was then that a bell rang with a sudden and imperative note. It came from a room with a glass door, at the end of the double line of mahogany desks.

Every one stirred at the sound, and one lanky boy seemed to be jerked into life. All in one breath, he slipped from his stool, tapped at the glass door, opened it, and introduced his head. Then he came over to "Invoices."

"It's you," he said briefly.

Mr. Peterston took a moment to comprehend. Then, with quite remarkable celerity, he laid down his pen and ruler, and slipped from his high seat. With one hand he adjusted his tie;

with the other he brushed his vest. Another quick movement shook from his wrists two paper cuff-protectors, and then he moved quickly toward the glass door.

On ordinary occasions this little programme would have been watched by half the room with interest and amusement. There would have been a little good-humored chaff, perhaps the exhortation to Mr. Peterston to "look pleasant," or to part his hair in the middle. But to-night there was no sign of amusement. From the cashier downward, every one seemed gravely occupied, and not a smile passed. And after Mr. Peterston had disappeared the silence seemed to become deeper than before.

But the face of the cashier seemed to express something. It was hard and set, with a look which the lanky office youth had learned to fear. There are hard realities in the City—things that really do happen. But it is not pleasant to find them at your very elbow.

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD LADY IN THE CITY.

Mr. Peterston returned to his desk and resumed his work. He had still certain invoices to prepare for post, and for a few minutes, by a great effort of will, he proceeded with them. Were the others looking at him? No; but they were all watching him! He remembered the curious hush which had fallen when his call had come. At the time he had not realized it, but now he knew its meaning. Perhaps he had been the only person in the room ignorant of what was to take place. He felt sick and dazed with shame.

The general manager had been kind, as kind as a man may be when he must first be firm and uncompromising. "Occasionally," he had said in his thoughtful way, "a step becomes unavoidable which on many grounds is to be regretted. Retrenchment is necessary

in these days of keen competition and declining profits." Mr. Peterston had been with the firm a number of years—yes, almost twenty-seven—and when he sought another position his old employers would be able to speak without reserve as to his character and his service. They would not suggest to him that he might retain his post at a reduced salary; that suggestion had been made at a meeting of the Board, but in fairness to his experience and qualifications it was not one they could adopt. They were anxious to consult his interests as far as possible, and he could yet retain his desk for six months; but if he preferred to be free at once to seek other employment, he would receive a half-year's salary as a token of the esteem in which he was held.

And Mr. Peterston had been so impressed that he had left the room with a faintly uttered "Thank you!" But now he grew hot as he thought of that "Thank you!" and a storm began to rise within him. He was not a man of storms, and it would take a very great deal to sweep him out of that mild, good-humored, and inoffensive attitude of mind which all his friends knew so well. It had happened at least once, when he had seen a man struck down in the dark, and three unspeakable brutes battering him with their boots. Then the storm had made a hero of Mr. Peterston, and his daring had amazed even the police. But now? Oh no, not now! The fires had gone too low. Seventeen years had passed, and much had been ground out of him in that time. In a few moments the storm was gone, though the shame remained.

Six months—and after that? He saw the pavements of brass trodden without hope by hundreds of the City's cast-off slaves, month in, month out. He was fifty-two, and the House would save at least a hundred a year when

he was gone. The City would not inquire where he had gone. Now that the thing had happened, he saw how natural it was. Indeed, it had suggested itself to him in a vague way more than once, but not as an immediate possibility; it had been a cloud on the horizon, which he had regarded cynically rather than seriously—only a sort of a shadow.

He persevered with his writing for a space, but it soon became too difficult. Then he sat staring at the white paper, and waiting for the time to pass. Tonight he would go home at six. He saw, with new clarity of vision, that the cashier was very careful not to glance in his direction. Of course he knew; but he was a good sort. With this new clarity of vision Mr. Peterston saw, too, his own insignificance. At times he had felt a certain pride in his place in the City; but how vain and childish it had been! In Forest Gate he was but a street-number to the tradespeople, and to the Great Eastern Railway he was just a Season Ticket. In the City he had been "Invoices," and now he was cast aside even from that. What was that curious phrase in the Bible about dust in the balances?

Then his self-contempt took another direction. In a vague way he had indulged the idea that "something might happen" some day—something that would fulfil the symbol of the turgid river and the misty pinnacles above it. How ridiculous! How fortunate that he had never told any one, that no one knew him as a secret votary of fantastic Fortune! It was proved to him now beyond dispute that there was a rigid Order of Things, and that there was no break in it. The Order was work, work, work, till you are worn out, and then give up your place to a cheaper man. The City was too strong, too relentless, to have its Order flouted. This was the thing that

must happen—this was the reality.

Then he thought of his wife. What a finish to her years of loyal contriving! He could not tell her this; but what should he tell her? He must work out his six months so that the blow might be postponed; and perhaps, before the term had expired, something would hap—

He gave a short laugh that was almost a groan. Here was that same old fancy again, popping up its head persistently even in this hour of doom. Something might happen? Why, something had happened; everything had happened!

Impatient with himself, he dipped his pen in the ink as if to resume his work. But he had lost the power to concentrate upon an invoice. His head and heart throbbed fiercely, and his hand was nerveless. The shock had been too much for him.

Then came a diversion. It began with a conversation at another desk, which he heard only because his name was spoken: "Mr. Peterston here?"

"Third desk from the end—invoices."

"It would not be invoices long," he reflected absurdly, forgetting that the designation would cling to him here as long as they remembered him at all. Then came a brisk footstep, and a face that looked at him, or seemed to look at him, over the glass screen.

"Good-evening, Mr. Peterston!"

Mr. Peterston tried to remember the speaker, but failed to recall any details connected with him. And the owner of the voice went on, a trifle nervously in spite of his tone of easy assurance, "You did not keep your appointment this afternoon," he said. "Perhaps—undoubtedly—you were prevented. Mr. Lisle fully expected you; in fact, he is still expecting you. When you failed to come we tried to reach you on the telephone, but the line was engaged. So he asked me to come over, and, if possible, bring you back

with me. He will wait for us, for it is important that he should see you to-night. He has to report to the trustees in the morning."

Mr. Peterston gazed at the speaker with furrowed brows. He was trying to place him, to decide what part he played in this confused skein of recollection and impression. The visitor, who was perfectly human and genuine, showed signs of increased nervousness. He did not like that glassy stare; it was too unkind a reminder of last evening. Then Mr. Peterston saw the collar of the man's top-coat, and perceived that it was brown. So his impressions began to arrange themselves, and he made a husky, broken protest. "Look here," he said, "don't you think this affair has gone far enough? Aren't you driving it to death?"

"I beg your pardon?" said the visitor, in apparent surprise.

"It is too much," continued Mr. Peterston, with agitation. "I—I object most strongly to being annoyed in this way! Nor would you do it if you knew all—I'm sure you wouldn't. There ought to be a limit even to a joke. Leave me now, and tell Butterworth, if he is outside, that he carries things too far. Anyway, it's exploded now, and you are wasting your time. Instead of going at four I went at one, just to nip the thing in the bud."

The cashier and several others turned to see what Mr. Peterston was growing so excited about. There was so much strain in his voice. As for the visitor, his face was expressive of the most complete bewilderment.

"Went at one instead of four!" he repeated. "To nip the thing in the bud! My dear sir!"

"Yes," said Mr. Peterson, "I was there at one." Then he glanced angrily at his shirt-cuff. "No. 95 Queen Victoria Street. As you see, I forestalled you."

A light seemed to break in upon the visitor's mind, and his amazement was mingled with a dawning comprehension. One word had done much to help him.

"Queen Victoria Street?" he cried. "No, no, my dear sir, not Queen Victoria Street, but the other—Victoria Street, Westminster. What a simple mistake! Still, you could easily have found us in the Directory, under Solicitors, or in the Law Lists, or—in half-a-dozen other places!"

For a long pause the two men stared at one another—the one striving to understand; the other a little amused, but greatly relieved. Yesterday Mr. Peterston's conduct had given him the impression that he had had to deal with a lunatic, and it was a relief to find him simply stupid. The mistake was such a childish one! Then the significance of the situation came home to the weaker of the two, and overwhelmed him. He clutched the edge of his desk with his nerveless fingers.

The watchful cashier ran to support him, and a hush fell upon the room. It was followed by a murmur, "Peterston's fainted!"

When he recovered, it was the cashier who helped him into his shabby top-coat, while another man handed him his well-worn hat. Though still dazed and breathless, he was otherwise none the worse, for it is one of the favorite maxims of the Old Lady that joy never kills. "He will be better when he gets into the air," said the ambassador from Victoria Street, S.W. "Is there anything he need wait for now?"

"If your story is true," said the cashier dryly, "there is nothing that should keep him here!"

So they led him toward the door; but he was not to go so lightly, after all. By this time the whole house knew the story, and it had an amazing

effect. Men and women crowded up the stairs to see; all order was broken; those in the same room crowded after to shake hands with Mr. Peterston, to slap him upon the back, to wish him good-luck and good-bye, even to touch him, as though there might be magic in the touch. In that wonderful hour convention was utterly forgotten. Had there been room on the stairs they would have carried him down, and for a time the pressure was so great that no one could get down at all. Then they blocked the pavement, and slammed the door of the taxi-cab so many times that the driver was obliged to make emphatic protest. And they finished all with a rousing shout, "Good old Peterston—God bless you!"

The cab turned westward, but the City streets were thronged with evening traffic and with hastening home-goers. So in a few minutes the driver turned down New Bridge Street, and on to the Embankment. Then the way was clear, and they swept on past the Temple Gardens toward the fantastic pinnacles that stand beyond the Bridge. And as they raced on Mr. Peterston saw vaguely that the old Order was gone for the time, and that a new Order had come in. The silent river was lined with golden lights, and even the turgid waters laughed with a thousand stars upon their bosom. Every bridge was a rope of ruddy gold, and every building was a palace illuminated for high festival. But as he sped through that realm of the fantastic and the beautiful, he found himself thinking of that day thirty years ago, when he had first seen the symbol through the mist; and he said under his breath a hundred times, "It has happened! It has happened! It has happened!"

Returning to his mahogany desk, the cashier tried to recover his poise, to return to the order of things. But it

was extremely difficult, and at last he laid aside his pen. There was a spirit of unrest everywhere, and not one of the slaves of the pen could settle down. Nay, they would never again settle down into the rut of yesterday. For suddenly, in her imperial way, unexpected and unheralded, the Old Lady had entered the very citadel of this hard City, scouting its laws, outraging its conventions, laughing in the face of the Order of Things. A humorist greater than Butterworth, she had taken a hand in Mr. Peterston's affairs, and, undeterred by his repulse of her ambassador, had brought them to her own fantastic issue. From afar she had seen that simple soul go often to her secret shrine, and with a whimsical warm-heartedness, with mingled laughter and compassion, had vowed to vindicate his faith. She had waited till that faith

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was little more than a memory, for it is her way to play even with her favorites. She had seen him brought to the City's judgment-seat and condemned; but in that moment, making good her ancient claim to go where she willed, she had snatched him from the bar, had torn his sentence into shreds, and had proclaimed her age-long authority to be and to do. And her passing had left a stir and a murmur, not for an hour, but for all the hours to come; for no man in that house would ever think of Peterston again without hearing the rustle of her skirts.

Then she had swept on her course, a course unmeasured and uncalculated even by the most daring of our Butterworths. When she pauses again, may it be on your threshold—or mine!

A LEGAL DOCUMENT.

"There is," I said, "a guilty look about you. You are hanging round. At this time of the morning you have usually retreated to your fastnesses. Why has not the telephone claimed you? There is something on your mind."

"No," said the lady of the house airily; "I have a vacant mind."

"Where, then," I said, "is your loud laugh? I have not heard you shout 'Ha-ha,' or anything remotely resembling 'Ha-ha.' Something is weighing upon you."

"Not at all."

"Yes at all," I said decisively. "You have something to confess."

"Confess!" she said scornfully. "What nonsense is this about confession? We are not early-Victorians."

"Yes, we are. I insist upon it. I shall be busy with my writing. You will come and kneel unperceived at my feet with an imploring look upon your

tear-stained face. I shall give a sudden start——"

"And," she went on enthusiastically, "I shall stretch out my hands to you, and you will raise me tenderly from the floor, and I shall then explain——"

"That appearances were against you, but that Eugene is really your brother by a first marriage——"

"And I shall then call for the smelling salts and swoon like this"—she collapsed in an inanimate heap on the sofa—"and you will rise to your full height——"

"Yes," I said, "I shall forgive you freely."

"No," she said, "you will blame yourself for not having appreciated my angelic nature, for having treated me as a mere toy, for having——"

"Yes," I said, "for having married you at all. But I shall forgive you all the same, and I shall present you with

the locket containing my grandmother's miniature. Come on; let us start at once. I forgive you from the bottom of my heart."

"All right," she said, "I accept your forgiveness. And now that we've cleared the ground, you'll perhaps allow me——"

"Aha," I said, "then there is something after all?"

"There always is *something*," she said, "so perhaps you'll allow me to ask you a question?"

"A question?" I said. "Ask me fifty. I don't promise to answer them. I'm only human, you know, but——"

"Surely," she said, "this humility is exaggerated."

"Anyhow," I said, "I'll do my best, so fire away."

"What," she said, "does one do with a legal document?"

"Isn't this rather sudden?" I said. "What does one do with a legal document? My dear, one does a thousand things. One buys land, or sells it—which is much better. One gets separated, or, rather, two get separated; one gets a legacy, generally quite inadequate; one executes a mortgage, but you mustn't ask me who is the mortgagor and who is the mortgagee, for, upon my sacred word of honor, I never can remember which is which or who does what. One leaves one's money to one's beloved wife by a legal document, or one cuts her off with a shilling and one's second best bed, like Shakespeare, you know. Really, there's nothing you can't do with a legal document."

"How on earth," she said admiringly, "did you get to know all these things?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "One learns as one goes along. Men have to know more or less about the law."

"Tell me," she said; "do you feel paralyzed when you see a legal document?"

"No, not now. They used to make

me tremble, but I'm up to them now. I understand their jargon."

"And frankly," she said, "I don't."

"But that doesn't matter," I said.

"You've got a man——"

"Lucky me," she said.

"You've got a man to help you. That's what he's there for—to help you with legal documents and to have his work interrupted and all his ideas scattered. But, bless you, he doesn't mind. He knows his place."

"Well," she said, "it's this way. A very dear friend of mine has taken a house at the seaside, and they've sent her a document."

"A letting agreement," I said.

"I suppose so," she said; "and they want her to sign it; and they say something about a counterpart which somebody else is to sign."

"That," I said, "is the usual way."

"What I want to know is, ought she to sign her document?"

"Is it the sort of house she wants?"

"The very house," she said. "She's been over it. Lots of rooms; nice garden with tennis-lawn; splendid view of the sea; drainage in perfect order; weekly rent a mere nothing. There's to be an inventory."

"Of course there is. It's always done. Does the document embody everything she requires?"

"Yes," she said, "everything; and they've thrown in two extra days for nothing."

"In that case," I said, "her duty is clear. She must sign it."

"Do you advise that?"

"I do," I said, "most strongly."

"Thank you so much," she said, "I'll do it at once," and before I could interfere she had sat down at the writing-table, produced a document, unfolded it and signed it.

"It is," she explained, "the agreement for letting Sandstone House, Sandy Bay. They made it out in my name."

"But this," I said, seizing the paper, "is madness. It is not worth the paper on which it is written."

"I did nothing," she said, "without your advice."

Punch.

"I shall repudiate it," I said, "as having been obtained by fraud."

"Right-o," she said; "we leave for Sandy Bay on July 28th."

R. C. L.

"1914."

Everyone has heard or heard of Tschalkowsky's "1812," the great composition in which the intoxicant drums of the "Marseillaise" mingle and strive with the grand mysterious gongs of "God Protect the Czar." It is said that real cannon has been used as part of that earthquake orchestra; and certainly the theme is sufficiently vast and sublime for any scale of presentation. Almost everywhere else the revolutionary army had carried in triumph the torrid truisms of the Latin. That the purity of law lies in publicity and proof. That in war and peace a straight line is the nearest distance between two points. That in the social circle all points on the circumference are equidistant from the centre. That it is easiest to count by tens whether you are counting crops or corpses. That compared with such truths even heavenly visions may be vanities; that the heavens must fall and justice must be done. They paved the world with little farms like a pattern behind their footprints. Through the mountain storms and the marshy vapors, their cannon blew clear skylscapes of equality. And at last, when their leader was in the autumn of his days, he came beyond all these to a land that seemed enchanted and asleep, a land of shrines. A fantastic frost bewitched the brains and bodies of those unconquerable men: for in this land of charity and theft no decimal coinage could find moral currency: and the straight roads failed. The leader looked into the deep distance, seeing

only darkness and a trail of torches: and knew that he had reached that limit which God has set somewhere for all the works of men. For deep in that Italian soldier was something, scotched but not killed by the trenchant rationalism of his time, something that came to the surface on his death-bed, and may well have stirred in his depths in looking on those mysterious plains, a world of peasants and pilgrims. He had found, perhaps, that Other Side of things which will for ever render incomplete the rationalism of the republic. He had found something very terrible; something men do not expect to find, and sometimes do not like to find. He had found what he had lost.

If the great composer were still alive, he might produce a masterpiece called "1914." And it would not be a companion piece; it would simply be a continuation or sequel. For we have to-day those same majestic powers with their own majestic music on the march: but they have found out their mistake, and they are reconciled. Those millions of natural mystics, with their arms hallowed by ikons and their feet hardened with pilgrimages, are on the move once more. Their land is still for us a land of darkness; but the torches no longer trail and fade. The torches are coming nearer; the hymn of the Czar swells higher behind; and they are coming to the rescue of the French Revolution. That is the incredible and quite certain fact. The two lobes of the cloven brain of Eu-

rope are coming together at last. Logic and mystery are met together; loyalty and liberty have kissed each other; and the quarrel of our time is at an end. There is something awful and even implous in saying in such an hour that all goes well. Yet that which makes one say it is something immeasurably deeper, more solemn and more generous than optimism. Whether our friends or foes prevail, we have at last got the right friends and foes. And all is ready for the grand orchestration of "1914." Only, alas! the composer is dead and the orchestral stalls are empty. We have only the real guns.

It is the weakness even of some of the wisest of the Socialist and other Progressive prophets that they are terribly behind the times. They are behind the times, for instance, when they say that supernaturalism is fading in this age: while, in fact, it might well be called the Psychic Age. They are thinking in the eighteenth century. They are equally behind the times when they say that the modern conscript armies are driven in herds to the slaughter, the soldiers having no quarrel with each other. Here again they are thinking in the eighteenth century. They are thinking of the dead dynastic wars, "the cruel wars of High Germanie," when Jeanette might reasonably complain of her lover dying over a quarrel between the Grand Duke of Pumpernickel and the Elector of Hesse-Guggenheim. It is simply not true of the great crusades, the wars spiritual as well as bodily of which in recent times the French Revolution was the first. It is simply not true that no individual Frenchman has any quarrel with the Prussians. Every Frenchman has quite a personal quarrel with them. It is not true that it does not matter to a poor Russian whether his religion is protected by Servia or extinguished by Austria and Prussia. It matters to

him rather more than anything else matters. It is not true that either the ordinary Irishman or the ordinary Englishman would be indifferent to the prospect of breaking across his knee the ramrod of Frederick the Great. These Socialists and Progressives who are always talking about Democracy do not seem to have discovered yet that Democracy really exists. Of course the particular Frenchman has no private quarrel with the particular German he shoots at. If he had, he had better not shoot. It would only be assassination, not only more shameful but more secret for being on a battlefield. But if there be such a thing as Democracy, or corporate conviction, action and responsibility, Democracy must make a public quarrel even more real than a private one. And Democracy is present on the battlefield as I write to-day. And unless the Progressives and Pacifists want this cannonade to strike them stone deaf to reality for ever, they must make up their minds to a palpable modern fact. The Russians are following the Czar, the French are following the flag, because they *want* to. Those who think the first case is an autocratic *ukase* or the second a reactionary plot, may go and live in a lunatic asylum; with the creature who thinks that a starving man never feels hungry until he meets an agitator; or that Mr. Parnell made some millions of happy Irishmen discontented, simply by walking about and not being able to make a speech.

Is there anyone still asking why these extremes meet? Why those who set fire to Moscow to save Russia may yet set fire to Russia and save Paris? The reason, of course, is simple enough. This heavy and puzzled hundred years has given us time to locate an evil that is worse than the worst of either; worse than the worst tyranny of the Czars, worse than the worst massacres of the Jacobins.

Nietzsche stated it with suicidal precision: it is the Will to Power. It has none of the scandalous inconsistencies that deface the divine and human ideals of the duellists of "1812." It has a dreary consistency without fruition. The Russians did their unholy things for the sake of Holy Russia. The French Revolution did its inhuman acts for the sake of the human race. But the Prussian is like a murderer who knifes a man neither for his blood nor his gold, but only to steal a knife with which to murder others. He is like a burglar who steals gold, and does not spend it in beer, but in buying another burgling kit. This eternal and sterile success, these enormous and endless

The New Witness.

avenues of unrewarded energy: this is the huge and naked insanity of the North, against which the lucid Latin and the devout Slav instinctively and instantly combine. A man uses power because he has a will to love or hate or laughter: but if he has a will to power, he must be locked up. There is something wrong with his head; he is worshipping the means and not the end. Men differ very much about how large or small is this area of disease: some attribute it to a nation, some to a family, some even to an individual. But assuredly it was not a state but a scar: and when it has healed it will have vanished.

G. K. Chesterton.

HOW IT LOOKS TO GERMANY.

In the final sentences of his speech in the Reichstag on August 4th, when he demanded a war credit of £265,000,000, the German Chancellor said: "I repeat the Kaiser's words: 'Germany enters into the conflict with a clean conscience.' We are fighting for the fruit of all our labor in peace time, for the inheritance of a great past, and for our future. The solemn hour that puts our people to the proof has struck. Our army is ranged on the field, our fleet is ready for war. Behind them stands the whole German people." "The whole German people," he repeated, with a gesture indicating especially the Social Democrats.

There was hardly a debate. Beyond Dr. Kaempf, the President of the Reichstag, only one member made a speech. He was Herr Haase, the Socialist leader. Speaking for the whole of his party, he said, in brief:—

"We stand at the hour of destiny. Up to the last we have struggled for the maintenance of peace, especially for the sake of our brothers in

France." (Socialist applause.) "Now we stand before the iron fact of war. We are threatened by the horrors of invasion. We have no longer to decide on peace or war, but for the defence of our own country. Our people and our future liberties are all at stake. They would be lost under a victory of the Russian despotism, which is stained with the blood of the noblest personalities among its own people." (Tempestuous applause.) "To avert this peril, we must maintain the civilization and independence of our own country. Therefore, we Socialists repeat what we have always asserted: in the crisis of danger we will not leave our nation in the lurch." (Immense applause.)

But I see that Herr Haase added:—

"The Imperialist policy is the cause of the entire world being in arms, and of the peoples deluging Europe with their blood."

As a whole the German race feels that for them it is a fight for existence and for civilization. They did not desire war, and certainly they did not expect it. The whole population that can afford holidays was out holiday-

making. The vast mountains of lost luggage, heaped up in all stations and some of the public squares, are evidence of the fact; for under the rush of returning holiday-makers, even German organization broke down. They knew that diplomatic mistakes might have been made. They knew that little Servia meant nothing to them, one way or other. She certainly was not worth the bones of one Pomeranian grenadier. They knew the awful loss that must befall nearly every family in such a war as this, when it is estimated that 3,000,000 men between twenty and fifty will be called up for service of one kind or another. Family love is as strong among them as among others, and they are a careful, thrifty people, following a well-ordered daily life with almost excessive regularity. Yet, with hardly an exception, the whole country would repeat the words of the Chancellor. To them the long-dreaded hour had struck. They would not leave their country in the lurch.

For two generations they have been brought up to expect this terrible hour. Their statesmen have constantly reminded them of it. Their education has been largely directed to preparing for it. The disasters of Jena and Napoleon's domination are impressed on them from childhood. So is the glory of the "War of Liberation," a century ago, and the splendor of 1870. Speaking in the Reichstag on January 11th, 1887, Bismarck dwelt on the possibility of this future war:—

"Over against us," he said, "we should find those same Frenchmen under whose oppression we suffered from 1807 to 1813, and who drained the blood out of us—bled us like calves. *Saigner à blanc*, as the French say. If you read the accounts of the old people of that time, if, like me in my childhood, you had heard from the lips of the peasants and country people the stories of their sufferings, I think you would shrink even more than I from

the remotest possibility of their repetition. . . . If we attacked France again and were convinced that nothing else would secure us tranquillity, even for a time, if we entered Paris again as victors, we should take care to render France incapable of attacking us for thirty years. On our side, as on theirs, the object would be the same: each would put out all his strength to *saigner à blanc*—to bleed to the white."

Or take a speech of Bismarck's successor. Speaking in the Reichstag on November 23rd, 1892, Caprivi said:—

"The days are past when, to the thunder of the guns at Jena, German professors and German poets could sit at home and go on with their verse-making. Now our heart would break. Our science and art would be involved in the overthrow. We must recognize clearly that we have before us a fight for existence, for existence material, political, and mental. It is our duty to do our utmost to survive in that conflict. Each nation takes its place in the economy of the world. The gap left by Germany could be filled by no other. Our first duty is to preserve our own existence. Only so can a nation be an instrument of God. And we must preserve the memory of the thousands who have shed their blood for our country. Shall it one day be said, 'They gave their life: you would not even give your cash'?"

For a century, or at least for fifty years, the manhood and womanhood of Germany have been accustomed to such words. They have heard the great songs of the "War of Liberation" from the cradle. All know the meaning of "Lützow's Ride," and "The Old Field-Marshal." All can sing the national songs of "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles," as musicians would have them sung. They have impressed upon them from childhood the text of Scharnhorst's army reform, "All the inhabitants of a country are its born defenders." By nature an orderly and patient people,

very submissive to authority, they have accepted the army discipline as a national necessity, and it has become part of themselves. They are not bellicose, but the military spirit has certainly been encouraged by their admired Kaiser's phrases about "the mailed fist" and "the shining armor," or by Bismarck's phrases about "Blood and iron," and "Words are not soldiers; speeches are not battalions." It has been further encouraged by historians of the Treitschke school, and by the romantic thinkers, like the Kaiser himself, who brood over the glories of Charlemagne and the adventures of medieval knighthood. Nietzsche, with his German superman and his contempt for the gentler qualities of self-denial, usually called Christian, has had his effect—a pernicious effect.

So it is a rough school under which the German is brought up, and there is no denying its oppressive and brutalizing side. Strong and conspicuous individuality is likely to be destroyed under it, and genius seldom emerges. But to understand the German nature we must recognize the long pressure of the fear which is now being realized. Germans fear for their lives, for their rapidly increasing prosperity, for their learning, their schools, their way of life—everything that they call their culture or civilization. In the Socialist leader's speech, there was a friendly reference to "our brothers in France." The mention of Russian despotism was received with tumultuous applause. That distinction is significant. In all this terrible crisis, almost the only ray of light is the disappearance of the German people's old enmity to the French. What hatred exists is directed entirely against Russia. There is no

The Nation.

national feeling against France. That is a signal for future hope.

When I was coming down from the Transvaal to the Natal frontier a few days before the Boer War, General Joubert said to me at parting, "The heart of my soul is bloody with sorrow." I write as an Englishman who thinks that if we had stood by and watched Belgium violated and France bled to the white without one effort in their defence we should never have been able to look the world in the face again. But when I think of Germany and all she has been to us, I say with Joubert, "The heart of my soul is bloody with sorrow." Goethe was often reproached for not having written war-songs against the French a century ago; but he once replied:—

"In my poetry I have never shammed (*nie affectirt*). How could I have written songs of hate without hatred? I did not hate the French, though I thanked God when we got rid of them. How could I, to whom civilization and barbarism are the only distinctions of importance, hate a nation which is one of the most civilized on earth, and to which I owe so great a part of my own culture?"

The words came to my mind the other day as the train slowly dragged us through Germany after our escape from Berlin. From the carriage I could see the pleasant German villages and the old German towns, where I had so often been happy with country-people and students in years when I thought the German mind held the secret of the universe. I was wrong; but I do not regret the time I spent among Germans in the search. There they were still—the well-built houses with high roofs, the well-cultivated fields, the woods and low hills, murmuring of fairyland.

Henry W. Nevinson.

THE TWO KINDS OF COURAGE.

Now that war is upon us all the virtues seem to be lost or concentrated in the one virtue of courage, for that alone can defend all that the others have given to us. There has come a time when men must be ready to give their lives for what makes life worth living, to sacrifice themselves for a future in which they will have no part; and the readiness to do that is the supreme virtue without which all the others avail nothing.

But because it is now supreme we are tempted to separate it from all the other virtues, as if we were suddenly thrown back into a primitive state in which it superseded them all. And yet this courage that is required of us now has been changed—and how has it been changed?—from the daring of the savage who snatches a piece of meat from another. We say that it is disciplined courage. But discipline alone cannot give us the courage we need, for discipline may be only a kind of fear, a habit that will make men face death sooner than the anger of their leaders, as the savage will face death sooner than hunger. Discipline alone will turn a number of men into a single instrument, but an instrument without a will or conscience of its own that may be broken like a piece of lifeless steel unless to the courage of discipline is added the courage of will and conscience, of men who fight for what their own souls value and are ready to die so that that may endure. The instrument made by discipline may be, and often has been, used for evil purposes, so that its courage is a vice rather than a virtue in its effects, and to be admired only as we admire the strength and swiftness of a beast of prey. And this is a fact that needs to be remembered more urgently in war even than in peace, so that in the

stress of war we may not forget why we fight, so that our natures may not be subdued to what they work in.

We have one word for all kinds of courage; and there is a strong animal quality common to all of them and never to be despised. It is our inheritance from a past in which men fought, each one for himself, so that they might survive; and it remains with us still, to be put to other uses. For now the courage of a man who fights only for himself is cowardice. He fights for fear lest he should not survive; and there is some cowardice in a nation that fights only for itself and its material advantage. There is some, we believe, in the "blood and iron" policy of Germany; for that policy means a want of faith, and lack of faith is always the result of fear. Faith and courage go together, and the higher the faith the higher the courage. Where there is courage without a high faith, as there often is, it cannot survive disaster. If you fight for some material gain alone, the fear of failure, when once it begins to steal upon you, is the primitive, unallayed fear. For you there is nothing beyond failure. But when failure itself is glorious and an example to the world, neither a man nor a nation fears it even in its certainty. They fight for something beyond their own survival, for that which endures through all the generations of men and the rise and fall of temporal powers; and it may be said of them, as the poet said of Toussaint l'Ouverture:—

There's not a breathing of the common
wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great
allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable
mind.

But this kind of courage, as it cannot exist except in a nation that has a spiritual treasure of its own to guard, cannot persist unless that nation remembers its own spiritual treasure through all the bitterness of war. There is always a danger that those who are drawn into a war through love of what they would preserve will persist in it through hatred of what they would destroy; that the higher courage will give way to the lower; that the necessary discipline may kill the soul of the instrument it forges. That was the fate of the heroic armies of the French Revolution; and it must not be the fate of any of our armies or nations in this war. We must have the courage, and maintain it, not to hate the Germans, however much we suffer at their hands; for hatred is the stimulant that men employ to drive away fear, and it is one that the civilian is tempted to use more than the soldier. Soldiers in the field are too busy to hate, as sick nurses are too busy to be anxious. It is the civilian, waiting and fretting at home, who thinks of his wrongs and mistakes his anger for patriotism.

So all of us civilians, for whom there are no supreme moments of daring or sacrifice, can constantly and quietly keep our courage at the higher level. Not only must we perform our plain and simple duty by refraining from all kinds of panic such as storing food, spreading rumors or whispering doubts of our leaders; but we can also, each of us, do something for the soul of England, that, when peace comes again, it may be a treasure unimpaired. We, as a nation, have certain virtues of our own, easier to practise in peace than in war, but more sublime in war than in peace. We are just and kindly and long-suffering. When we are at peace we have a contempt, partly moral and partly intellectual, for national vendettas and all the false romanticism

that springs from them. Let us keep that contempt still, and still smile at the baser and more fearful part of ourselves that would persuade us to hatred. Let us remember that if, at the end of this war, England has a national feud, she will not be the England that all the world is now cheering on to battle. It is because we fight for no national feud that we are applauded, because we have gone to war sadly and without any drunkenness of spirit, like a man who kisses his wife and children at the gate. And we should remember that many Germans have kissed their wives and children so; and if to them in their misled ignorance England is a wicked abstraction thirsty for the blood of their own innocent abstraction, Germany, then there is all the more reason why we should not share their error and so fall into their national guilt. Let us remember always that there is no abstract Germany, however much the Germans may sing about her, but only a number of Germans, most of them kindly people like ourselves, but cursed by this national romanticism, with a fear at the heart of all its courage, that is a perverted survival from their righteous struggle with Napoleon. The world has changed since then, but they will not believe it. They are marching to war with all their old courage, but it is for us to convince them that it is as obsolete as the wrongs which inspired it; and that we must do not only by victory but by the spirit in which we win it. We must prove to them that now the courage can prevail which is without hate or fear, that nations can fight and win with open eyes and open minds, never telling themselves how to hearten them for victory, never proposing to themselves the reward of a triumph that shall make peace only another preparation for war.

As this war continues there will be

many to warn us that it cannot be won in such a spirit, that we must, like the Germans, blind ourselves if we are to beat them. But their warnings will be the warnings of fear, not courage, for they will fear that courage cannot be sustained by truth. Does anyone now believe that the Berliners showed courage in their outrages upon the Russian Ambassador and the English Embassy? They were working themselves up into a frenzy of hatred because they doubted in their hearts that their cause was just. It was necessary to them to believe that their enemies were villains; and they could best attain to that belief by treating them as if they were villains. We all know that state of mind in private quarrels; and we know that in them it is neither wise nor brave. And what is true of private quarrels is true of war. Our adversaries are not villains, and they will not always be our adversaries. It is probable that even their statesmen who made this war were most foolish when they thought themselves most wise, that they were led astray by false doctrine rather than by any national wickedness. The worst of it is that false doctrine does more harm in the world than any villainy, and that there comes a time when it must be withstood with arms. But that is the time when those who withstand it are most open to the contagion of it. It was

The Times.

easy enough for us not to fall under the German illusions while we were at peace with them; but now we shall only escape them if we remember always that we are fighting against them rather than against the Germans. The England that we fight for is an ideal that we help to destroy by every vain or savage thought of our own; and she would not be worth fighting for if she herself became savage in the course of the war. In that case her victory would be the defeat of all that was best in her, and the peace she made would never have the consent of the vanquished. She might show courage, but it would be a courage estranged from all the other virtues and made almost animal by that estrangement. That kind of courage is obsolete in our civilization, and we are going to war to prove that it is obsolete. So when the war is over we shall say to all the ideals that provoked it and to the misguided hosts that fought for those ideals:—

Honor not hate we give you, love not fear,

Last prophets of past kind, who fill the dome

Of great dead Gods with wrath and wall, nor hear

Time's word and man's—"Go honored hence, go home,

Night's childless children; here your hour is done;

Pass with the stars, and leave us with the sun."

THE CALL TO ARMS IN OUR STREET.

There's a woman sobs her heart out,
With her head against the door,
For the man that's called to leave her,
—God have pity on the poor!

But it's beat, drums, beat,
While the lads march down the street,
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
Keep your tears until they go.

Under the Lindens.

There's a crowd of little children
That march along and shout,
For it's fine to play at soldiers
Now their fathers are called out.

So it's beat, drums, beat;
But who'll find them food to eat?
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
Oh, it's little children know.

There's a mother who stands watching
For the last look of her son,
A worn poor widow woman,
And he her only one.

But it's beat, drums, beat,
Though God knows when we shall meet;
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
We must smile and cheer them so.

There's a young girl who stands laughing,
For she thinks a war is grand,
And it's fine to see the lads pass,
And it's fine to hear the band.

So it's beat, drums, beat,
To the fall of many feet;
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
God go with you where you go.

W. M. Letts.

The Westminster Gazette.

UNDER THE LINDENS.

Berlin was on the stroll that warm summer evening. In the broad Tauenzienstrasse, between six and seven o'clock, the pavements were thronged with lightly dressed women. Men, too, were there, wearing their thinnest clothing. Their white serge suits and cool gray or white felt hats increased the gay and summer-like appearance of the Berlin street. Down the centre of the wide Strasse trams passed over the greensward, which concealed the lines and gave a cool and refreshing look to the street. Packed to overflowing were those trams—packed with people returning from their *Ausflüge* into the country, their

hands full of wild flowers. For Berlin had vacated its houses that hot day. Berlin was in the streets.

Over the roofs of the houses, its aluminium sides shining white in the dying rays of the sun, sailed a long cigar-shaped Zeppelin, and the men and women in the street lifted their eyes for a moment from the dresses of their companions and the fascinating shop windows to admire it as it passed low and steadily over the town. It was but an addition to the joy of the life in the streets, for all was gay, happy, indolent, on that evening when the lindens bloomed in Berlin.

Suddenly an open motor turned

wildly into the street and a bare-headed man flung out printed sheets to the strolling crowd. Other cars—private ones—chased after him to overtake and secure the news which he was so excitedly distributing. As the printed sheets came flying out the people in the streets ceased strolling. They ran; and those who were lucky enough to pick up a paper were immediately surrounded by an enquiring crowd. How women, who a moment before were taking tiny steps in proportion to the width of their scanty skirts, now hastened to hear the news! Men ran: little children ran. Berlin no longer strolled. One saw by the faces of those who already knew the news that something serious had happened, and going up to where the man in the car, now stationary, was flinging out more printed sheets, one managed to get a paper and read in large black letters, "Der Herzog Franz Ferdinand und seine Gemahlin sind ermordert"! Then, as looking around one knew by the seriousness of the people's faces what the news meant to the Germans. A husband and wife had been murdered that very morning. That was horrible enough. But something else troubled them, and when one heard a few words repeated from mouth to mouth, by strangers, who in the horror of the moment had fraternized, it was easy to understand. "He was the friend of the Kaiser," they said. "What will happen now?" Had a bomb been thrown into this strolling crowd it could not have scattered them more completely than did this news.

That same evening, a few hours later, we strolled along the Sieges-Allée, in the blue light which comes between evening and night. The scent of the blossoming limes hung heavy on the night air as we passed under the trees. Women and men, in their thin summer clothes, looked in that curious

half light, which was accentuated by the lamps along the Allée, like people moving in some Eastern play. As they passed under the trees—officers in their gay uniforms, women in fragile white dresses—blue shadows fell upon them, and they became moving figures in some great pageant. In the distance—at the end of the long Allée—rose the great monument erected to Victory, its column looking more slender and lofty than in reality as it stood out against the Eastern-looking sky.

The assassination seemed forgotten. Berlin was again strolling—strolling under the lime trees on this wonderful summer night. The smell of those limes reminded one of a little village in Hessen, where there stands an ancient lime under which the peasants dance—dance to the strains of a wheezing violin. Round and round that old Dorfsinden, which sends down its sweet perfume, trip Mädchen in their gay peasant costume, and young men, who too have donned their best blue smocks, whilst the older people look on and stamp the time with their feet and clink glasses. How they love their dance "Unter den Linden" over there.

But when we reach the street "Unter den Linden"—if a street it can be called—we saw crowds waiting outside a news office for more details of the assassination. Then a bare-headed woman came out, her arms filled with a bundle of papers. The crowd, which had evidently been waiting long for her to make an appearance, closed in on her. For a moment she was lost, then the people divided, evidently satisfied. Men and women stood still in the centre of the street, or blocked up the pavement, all intent on reading. They were oblivious to everything around.

Others, wishing to get away to read the news, clutched their yet unread papers and moved off to the centre of

the street, where there are seats under the lime trees. And there they sat and read in the dim light thrown from the shops. The benches were full. There were well dressed women, shabbily dressed women, and men of all kinds. Some had their heads slightly thrown

The Saturday Review.

back in order to see better, others bent over the print in feverish anxiety. Not a word was exchanged—they only wished to read. So we left them, reading, reading, on that summer night when the scent of the limes came down to mingle in the busy life.

THE NEW NECESSARIES.

Strictly speaking, there are no new necessities. It is only luxury which is new. The necessities of life are the same as they always were this side of savagery. But a few new things are necessary to happiness, and a few, a very few, of the old necessities of happiness can be easily forgone. The difference between a luxury and a necessary, in the sense in which we are using the terms, can, we think, be thus explained. Many luxuries become necessities, and certain social phenomena always attend the transformation. When a luxury is only a luxury the average man wants it for himself. When it is becoming a necessary he wants it also for other people; that is, if he is fairly benevolent he does. Even if he is not benevolent, he modifies or abandons his opposition to their having it. To take a plain instance. Tea was once a luxury. It is now a necessary. Alcohol, on the other hand, which was a necessary, is becoming a luxury. Long ago, when the ascetic ideal prevailed, even a cloistered monk was not asked to go without wine. Nowadays an increasing number of men and women of the world forego it without any special sense of virtuous abstinence.

Of course, most of the new necessities are far less tangible than tea. Fiction is fast becoming a necessary. Since the world began we have all hungered for news. The ablest politician and the simplest villager are the same,

so far as that is concerned, and have been, we suppose, since St. Paul's day, and long before that. But now we want fiction as well as news. We always liked it, but it was a luxury. There were always fiction-mongers who offered it to the unlearned by word of mouth. Then a story was like a holiday—something which came to refresh the weary two or three times a year. Now we are beginning to want it every day. We cannot endure a journey or an indisposition without it, and an immense crowd take journeys every day. It is the young who seem most eager for it. For them the novelette should appear more important than the newspaper, if we may judge from the immense number of young people herded together in suburban trains. Lending libraries are almost as common as milk-shops. In this particular the grown-up world is becoming childish. We cannot sit still unless we have a story to pass the time. In anxiety we must have the anodyne of fiction; and in sorrow, when we cannot long face thought, it is the most desirable and the most harmless of the soporifics. Perhaps we may also say that the present craving for fiction looks as though art in some form or other were becoming a necessary to a larger and larger proportion of civilized human beings. Occasionally one finds oneself wondering whether music is also going to become a necessary to the mass of the population. There is a widespread no-

tion that it is a compulsory subject in primary schools. Certain carping persons wax eloquent over this supposed misuse of public money. On the other hand, an increasing number of musical people are keenly anxious to foster musical talent among the uneducated, and these latter—not, as a rule, so anxious for instruction—make prompt response and show unexpected taste. Is it possible to argue an interest in pictorial art from the present toleration of pictorial advertisement and delight in the cinematograph? Ornament in some form has become something like a necessary. A flowering front garden in the country, curtains, pictures, and china ornaments do now form part of every decent home.

Another luxury fast becoming a necessary to happiness is a certain amount of change. All those who can get it take it. A large proportion of the more successful professionals complain if they must pass a month on end in the scene of their work. If they do not live out of town, they must go out, if only for a Sunday. Change for no other object than the delight of variety is nowadays organized for those who do not take the trouble to organize it for themselves. The benevolent offer "change" to all whom they in any sense control, and no one grudges it. It is becoming necessary. Change of scene, change of food, change of habits, are prescribed for everyone. Even the modern dog will hunger-strike if the same diet is given him daily. Fashions in dress change for the factory girl as often as for the young lady of May-fair.

Some amount of independence seems also to be becoming a necessary. This seems too obvious to need saying. However comfortable and well provided for children or dependents of any sort may be, they have a restless longing to be free. It shows most of all in the young. They are not satisfied to be

given all they ask for. They want not to have to ask, and to get it for themselves. A positive dislike to the emotion of gratitude has arisen, and even children fear to feel it. All this is a truism. The strange thing is that, when once a new necessary arises, men withhold it at their peril. Children and young people were kept in the past generation without independence, and the absence of it did them no harm. They grew up happy, and strong mentally and morally. But to deny a necessary means partially to starve someone. They do not become strong nowadays without it. The same thing is true of education. Extraordinary shrewdness and judgment existed at one time among the illiterate. We do not think that this is true any longer. More people than is generally supposed slip through the educational sieve, but most of them turn out good for nothing. Women of all classes did very well with the minimum of education till lately. It is certainly an open question whether the highly taught woman of to-day is as charming as was her grandmother; but her grandmother could not be reproduced by purposely bringing up a girl with as little education. Once a thing has become a necessary we must give in. The standard of mental and physical comfort rises as irresistibly as the tide. To resist it—and we can only resist it in our own little backwaters—is to destroy happiness.

What, one wonders, will be the new necessities sixty years hence? Possibly some of the things we think necessary to-day will be again on the way to becoming luxuries—like alcohol. But it is not easy to guess which. Means of locomotion may be less valued. At present they are valued above all things. A man returning to a remote English village after ten years' absence abroad remarked the other day that he saw no change in

the place except that the laborers had bicycles. To take an abstract instead of a concrete instance, authority, which was considered an absolute necessary to the maintenance of religion, to the peace of mind of the world, is now of the nature of an intellectual luxury, a thought urged and defended by a subtle few. The ordinary thinking world manages to be religious without it. We may come, perhaps, to do without a good many notions which now seem indispensable—equality, perhaps.

There are undoubtedly certain new class necessities which do not affect the whole of society. Opposite cravings, indeed, have taken possession lately of rich and poor. The well-to-do have developed a passion for Nature, the poor a passion for town life. It

The Spectator.

seems necessary for the educated man nowadays to get away from the monotony of bricks and mortar, and to watch the endless, ceaseless variety of the seasons, at least for part of the year, and he will make great sacrifices of time, money, and energy to watch them. On the other hand, it seems impossible to keep an able boy belonging to the lower classes away from a town. To be "on the railway" may perhaps satisfy his romantic craving to be away from where things stand still. Both these cravings will of course pass, and we shall all settle down again. Not many things are necessary even to happiness. They increase, no doubt, but not very fast. We are deceived about their increase because they change, and we take the change for multiplication.

THE LIFE OF THE FACTORY.

If the House of Commons were organized on some rational plan, the publication of the report of the Chief Inspector of Factories would be one of the events of the year. Here is a document that provides a survey of the conditions under which some seven millions of people earn their living, or help to earn a living for other people. It is constructed from the observations of a number of trained men and women, who are interested in the facts that come before them, not as parties to any controversy in politics or economics, but as officials responsible for the efficient administration of the laws of their country. Such a Blue-book possesses at once a great social interest and a profound importance for those who make the laws, and when they have made them, try to repair and improve where deficiencies and mistakes become apparent. What, in point of fact, is the fate of such a volume?

It is read by the chief officials in the Home Office, and by a few Members of Parliament. A Departmental Bill based on some of the disclosures may some day be introduced, and, if the luck is favorable, which means in one case out of a hundred, it may pass into law. But if there were some Committee of the House of Commons whose special business it was to watch over the affairs of a Department, this Blue-book would be studied by a group of people with a special sense of responsibility, and if the procedure of the House of Commons were so arranged as to give time and opportunity for the work of such a Committee, the sort of legislation that comes ten years too late would be passed when it is needed. Such an arrangement, moreover, would be free from the objections to departmental legislation, in which the official view gets too much purchase.

Another general reflection is sug-

gested by the Report that was published last week. Some fifty pages are taken up with the report of the Chief Woman Inspector; a report that covers more than eleven thousand inspections. This report is not merely a record of official routine work. Attention is paid to the work of outside bodies like the Women's Co-operative Guild. The Chief Inspector has taken part in preparing evidence for the Board of Trade and the staff have carried out a number of special inquiries, organized conferences—such as a very interesting meeting between leading fish-curers and representative women workers in Lerwick and Peterhead—and collected a good deal of valuable information. The monstrous anomaly of leaving women unrepresented in Parliament is obvious to anybody who glances at these pages. But that is not the only moral to be drawn. For it is not only Parliament but the Departments that need to be modernized. It is not enough to provide a staff of women inspectors. If their work is to be turned to good account, there must be women officials in the Home Office in responsible and directing positions, able to secure for the representation of the inspectors their proper weight and influence in the councils of the department.

The reports show very clearly that the general idea of our Factory Acts—the imposition, that is, on an industry of the conditions that are observed by the normal employer—demands a stiffening-up of administration, and new legislation in regard to hours and to Truck. If John Fielden, the heroic cotton-spinner of Todmorden, who devoted his life to the cause of the working classes, could read this report, he would be bitterly disappointed to see how slowly the forces that he set in motion have moved towards the goal at which he aimed. Here is a paragraph that he might have written himself:—

"Miss Tracey.—Often we receive complaint of the burden of the long twelve hours' day, and the strain it is to start work at 6 A.M. A well-known man in a Lancashire town was telling me only the other day about how he would wake in the morning to the clatter of the girls' and women's clogs as they went past his house at half-past five in the dark on their way to the mills. He had exceptional opportunity of judging of the effect of the long day's work, and he told me how bonny children known to him lost their color and their youthful energy in the hard drudgery of this daily toil."

There is a strong movement to-day on these lines among employers to get the standard day reduced, and in several trades the hours worked are considerably below those permitted by the Act. Thus, one Inspector (p. 6) reports that many textile factories round Glasgow now start at eight o'clock, and manufacturers state that better time is kept and that there is less wastage, and better work with the shorter hours. The most remarkable instance comes from Dunfermline, where an 8½ hours' day has been established in all the linen-weaving sheds. There are ten factories concerned, and they employ between four and five thousand workers, chiefly women. The workpeople come largely from the surrounding country, and in some cases they had to start as early as four o'clock to reach the mill at six. In response to an application from their workpeople, the employers instituted a new working day—8.00 A.M. to 5.30 P.M., with a break from 12.30 to 1.30. The weekly total of working hours was thus reduced 15 per cent; a 5 per cent rise was granted in piecework rates, and the time workers were given their old wages. Some of the pieceworkers have lost in wages, but the workpeople are now entirely in favor of the change. Opinion among the employers is more divided. What

is wanted is a readjustment of the law to bring it into correspondence with the practice of the good employer. The general body of interests has to be protected from the bad employer, and at present the law gives the bad employer scope. There are bad workmen, too, from this point of view, and the Stockport Cardroom Operatives Association called attention last winter to the prosecution of workpeople for working after the engine had stopped. The Association approved of the prosecution, remarking: "It is bad enough to have reports of such engines running, say, sixty hours per week, without being told of workpeople going to the mill before six o'clock and then working during meal hours."

On the subject of Truck and Fines the Report contains a great deal of important and distressing information. Truck abuses are noted, specially in Ireland. Of the 138 agents for giving out home work who were visited during the year, half were shopkeepers, mainly grocers, and any outworker who is dependent on her work is virtually obliged to take payment in groceries. In London laundries there is a custom of paying wages partly in beer. There are numerous cases of fines and petty exactions from different parts of the country; home workers in one place are charged for seat rent, and in another the workpeople are paid on a system of weekly wage plus a bonus. The bonus was to be forfeited if the worker committed one of five specified offences, one of them being, "If you fidget about before leaving time."

The Nation.

As the wage was 8s. and the bonus 5s., the part those rules played in the life of the working woman can be imagined. The Report tells of a boy working in a bakehouse for twenty-four hours at a stretch, getting a nap in the dough-trough, and of women working in a laundry for eighteen hours; but these are declared to be isolated cases, and it is stated that cases of illegal overtime have been comparatively rare. On the other hand, a number of scandals have been brought to light as a result of the representation of the cotton weavers, and the inspectors found children in a large cotton mill lifting skips of cotton weighing 56 lbs., and a boy of fifteen lifting a skip of 72 lbs. On this side the Report supplements the overwhelming case against the half-time system. Perhaps the most cheering fact is that the inspectors find that women and girls are showing greater courage and spirit in making their grievances public, and that employers are more ready to take concerted action to put down scandals. An interesting sequel to the publication of the Report is the news of a strike of the women employed at the Great Western Cotton Works at Bristol. There are 1,100 women employed, and these women, it is stated, pay the sweeper 1d. a week; the man who fetches the bodkin 2d.; if they want hot water to make tea they have to pay 1d.; if they arrive after 6 they lose a penny, after 6.15, 3d., after 6.30, 6d., and if they are away for a day without a doctor's certificate they are fined 1s. 6d. Such is the life of the workers.

AMERICA FROM A CHINESE POINT OF VIEW.*

Dr. Wu Tingfang occupied the Chinese Legation at Washington for nearly eight years, and there made many friends who—in the characteristic American way—have been anxious to know what he thought of their country. He now accedes to this request by publishing a book which, though not very long, is full of interesting criticisms. Perhaps these are not always meant to be taken quite seriously, as when the author suggests that the President of a country which is full of Coal Kings and Lumber Kings and Iron Kings ought at least to be called Emperor, in order to preserve his pre-eminence; or when he proposes that American women should cease to import their fashions from Paris or Vienna, and adopt the more modest and becoming dress of Chinese women; or when, again, he states his belief that American marriages would, on the whole, be happier if they were arranged, as in China, by the parents.

Dr. Tingfang earned a reputation for dry humor when he was in Washington, and he is evidently still "full of his fun." But, in general, he may be considered to be perfectly in earnest in his criticisms. Of all countries in the world, he tells us, America is the most interesting to the Chinese. It is one of the few which have long carried on business relations with China without ever employing force to settle a disputed question, or showing any desire for territorial acquisitions. The late Manchu Government thought that it had a grievance against the United States for harboring political refugees so readily, and for sending back so many Chinese students imbued with affection for democratic and republican

institutions. Neither of these grievances is likely to be felt by the Chinese Republic, and the only remaining cause of friction is the Chinese exclusion policy of Washington. Dr. Tingfang suggests that this might be removed by the appointment of a commission composed of representatives of the labor unions, manufacturers, and merchants, to discuss the whole question of Chinese immigration with a similar body nominated by the Chinese Government.

"It is my belief [he writes] that the gross injustice that has been inflicted upon the Chinese people by the harsh working of the exclusion law is not known to the large majority of the American people, for I am sure they would not allow the continuation of such hardships to be suffered by those who are their sincere friends. China does not wish special treatment; she only asks that her people shall be treated in the same way as the citizens or subjects of other countries."

We are afraid that the time is not yet ripe for any such reform as Dr. Tingfang suggests, and that the cry of "Chinese cheap labor"—at any rate on the Pacific coast—is still too potent an influence at the polls to be disregarded by any American statesman.

The most interesting chapters in Dr. Tingfang's very readable book are the two in which he draws a parallel between American and Chinese civilization, and acutely shows that there is still a good deal to be said for the latter:—

"We have managed a fairly large society for thousands of years without the bitter class hatreds, class divisions, and class struggles that have marred the fair progress of the West. We have not enslaved our lives to wealth. We like luxury, but we like other things better. We love life more than chasing imitations of life."

* "America and the Americans from a Chinese Point of View." By Wu Tingfang. (Duckworth & Co., 7s. 6d. net.)

A cultivated Chinaman, we perceive, is still apt to regard Western ideals with the amused, though tolerant superiority which the philosophers of the eighteenth century expected him to express.

The chapters dealing with American business methods and manners, women and costumes, social functions and

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amusements, show that Dr. Tingfang turned his opportunities for observation to excellent account, and will be read with equal entertainment and instruction both in this country (to which many of his remarks apply with almost equal force) and in the Great—and no longer thin-skinned—Republic.

ON THE NATIONAL CONSCIENCE.

It is a saying as old as the time of Cleon, and older, that a nation cannot have, and ought not to have, a conscience like an individual; that if it behaves to other nations as men of conscience behave to each other, it does so only out of self-interest. The first duty of a nation, we are told, is to itself; and that is where it differs from individuals, whose first duty is not to themselves.

Now if we judge this doctrine by its results it may be said that we are still accepting self-interest as the last test; if the Germans have set the world against them by their conduct, it is not because they put national self-interest above everything but because they have been clumsy in pursuit of it. It was not really to their interest to force war or to violate neutrality as they have done; and sooner or later they will pay, not for their lack of conscience, but for their stupidity.

This argument, that enlightened self-interest is the same thing as virtue, can be, and often has been, applied to individuals as well as to nations. And the answer to it is the same in both cases. It is that self-interest does not give enlightenment and that conscience does. The man, and the nation, that always acts from enlightened self-interest and simulates all the symptoms of virtue by doing so is a mere

figment of the philosophers. Such a man, such a nation, does not exist and never has existed. Experience has proved that in the past, as it is proving it at the present moment; and, apart from experience, there are plain reasons why it should be so. For, if it is contrary to self-interest to outrage the common conscience of mankind, that common conscience must exist before self-interest can be aware of it. It is a fact that self-interest has to take account of and not one which self-interest has produced. And for that reason self-interest does not understand it so well as it understands itself. Once assume that it is the business of self-interest to obey the common conscience of mankind, and you will see that self-interest is less capable of obeying it than that conscience is capable of obeying itself. For the more virtuous a man is the more instinctive is his obedience; and the more he is controlled by self-interest the more artificial his obedience becomes. And this is more true of nations even than of individuals. For the individual, however selfish, is subject to a pressure of public opinion so constant that his obedience to the common conscience may become habitual. But a nation, especially if powerful, is not subject to the same constant pressure and does not acquire the same habit. It may win successes

by its want of scruple and may be admired for them by other nations, both because our ideas about national morality are still confused and because its successes prove that its citizens have fine personal qualities. So we in England admired the Germans for their successes in 1870, which did prove the bravery and discipline and self-sacrifice of individual Germans; and we, and perhaps the Germans themselves, were not fully aware of the character of the national policy that lay behind those successes. But with them grew in Germany, and not in Germany alone, the doctrine that a nation can only be patriotic if it has no national conscience, that the individual has a duty to his country beyond which there is no duty to mankind. This doctrine has been preached everywhere, but it has been nationally accepted only by the Germans with their peculiar docility, and only they have thought it right to surrender their individual consciences to their Government. Elsewhere, if a Government has behaved unscrupulously, it has been bitterly criticized by its own citizens, and, whatever its own theories may have been, it has had to pay some attention to the moral scruples of the people. But in Germany the doctrine, preached even by intellectuals, is that the moral duty of Germans is only to Germany, and that Germany herself is non-moral. And this doctrine has been applauded in other countries, by people who were not intellectuals, as the expression of a clear unsentimental patriotism.

Well, it might be that, if the result were enlightened self-interest in the German Government. But what is the result? The Germans are powerful, but because of their personal virtues, not because of their national doctrine. And now that they have put their personal virtues at the service of their

national doctrine whither is it leading them? They still have their power, but they are wasting it in a war which they themselves have provoked and against an alliance which nothing but their own want of scruple could have made. And behind this alliance is the sympathy of all the civilized world. Even the Germans cannot believe that it is the wisdom of their Government which has aroused this alliance against them, and what they do believe, no doubt, is that we are all leagued together in a treacherous conspiracy.

But a policy of self-interest must be judged by its results; and if the result of the German policy is a treacherous conspiracy of all the other nations against Germany, there must be something wrong with that policy. The national aim was to be supreme through fear; yet they have not been able to intimidate Belgium, and she is fighting against them as fearlessly as if she were fighting against Holland. Even if they win in this war, they will have set themselves the hardest of all possible tasks—and a task, too, that will never end. For the world will not rest under their supremacy any more than it would rest under the supremacy of Napoleon; since Germany, like Napoleon, has outraged the conscience of the world, and it is her doctrine of national self-interest that has led her into that supreme stupidity.

That is the lesson for us of this war; and it is one that we must never forget, whether we win or lose. It may have seemed to us, in our want of faith, that the German self-interest was enlightened in 1870. But her very success in that war only made her ultimate stupidity the more complete. She has resolved to be a Power governed by enlightened self-interest, and a power not of this world has deprived her of enlightenment. It is with na-

tions as with men—they can will to be good but not to be clever; and if they will to be clever at all costs, they will be stupid just when and where they most need cleverness. And this is being proved, if it needs proving, by Germany at the present moment.

Let us be thankful that Germany is proving it and not we ourselves, but do not, therefore, let us be self-righteous. The false doctrine has been preached often enough in England, and sometimes acted upon. But we have not surrendered our consciences up to it or made our Government free of moral criticism. There are, as the Germans would say, many unpatriotic sentimentalists among us, many who would have England as good as a good man; and it is just because their doctrine is now prevailing among us that we go to war as a unanimous nation. For if we were thinking of national self-interest, we with our habit of doubting and criticizing the Government should all be asking whether it might not profit us better to remain neutral, whether we might not be supreme in Europe when both sides had fought themselves to exhaustion. But that is a question which we have not suffered ourselves to ask, whatever the answer to it might be. Nor must we ask ourselves any question like it in the course of the war. For us now all these ambitions of national supremacy have disappeared; we are fighting against the very notion of national supremacy, against the idea that the peoples of Europe are like snakes in a bottle, each struggling blindly to be above the rest. Germany is now our enemy, because she, with all the weapons that civilization has given to her, is fighting for that barbaric notion; because with all her detailed intelligence she is subject to one dark and obsolete superstition that oppresses her with a general stupidity. It is

against that stupidity that we make war; and from first to last we must remember that.

Our victory would profit the world nothing, in the long run it would profit us nothing, if it meant only that Europe was to exchange the fear of one supremacy for the fear of another. Then, in a few years, we and our allies should be quarrelling over the spoils like dogs over a bone, and as the half-savage nations of the Balkans quarrelled. Then the world would see that we had banded together only through fear of Germany and not for the hope of the world. There are many people who in time of war become impatient of ideas, as if while we were fighting we had no leisure to think. But when we are fighting is the very time when we must never cease to remember what we are fighting for. War for every civilized nation is only a means to an end, and if we do not always bear that in mind the end itself will change without our knowing it. Our allies at present are more hotly engaged than we are. Compared with the French and the Belgians we are almost non-combatants, for all their energy of mind and body is, as it were, thrown upon their frontiers, and they can think of nothing but their wrestle of life and death. Therefore, while we give them all the material help we can, we have also the spiritual duty of non-combatants to keep our minds calm and clear and our national conscience as steadfast as if we were at peace. It is not our merit that imposes this high duty upon us, but our good fortune; and therefore, if we failed in it, we should be unfaithful just where faith is most required of us. We, of all the league of civilization, have now the most power to be disinterested. For the moment the conscience of the world is in our keeping, and it is the greatest treasure that our Fleet has to guard. And while our sailors are

watching for us at sea and our soldiers are joining, or training themselves to join, our allies, there remains the great body of the nation, in whom

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the national conscience must preserve itself high and pure, so that, when the war is over, it may be the conscience of the world.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In their announcement of Mrs. Henry Backus's new book, "The Rose of Roses," the publishers refer to it as "a story that adheres to the conventions under the most unconventional circumstances." That phrase characterizes the book clearly and concisely, for while some of the circumstances are extremely unconventional, the conventions are most faithfully observed, and a love story which begins with a waitress in a German *Kaffeehaus* and develops in a Rathskeller, ends in a Lutheran parsonage in America. The heroine is a charming German girl, named Toni, who escapes from a wicked guardian and comes to America to develop her beautiful singing voice. She is befriended by a wealthy German American, who pays her passage to New York, and on the steamship she is saved by a high-minded Lutheran clergyman, travelling with his wife and grandson, from a seeming compromise of her character. The story is told in an entertaining manner, and is pleasing with its touches of German life and character. The Page Co.

Reina Melcher Marquis tells a touching and poetical story in "The Torch Bearer" published by D. Appleton and Company. The Puritan conscience causes so many mental and domestic tragedies and its effects are so complex and far-reaching that one believes this tale and even suffers somewhat with the heroine, if one be sensitive. The final compensation of perfect mutual understanding between husband and wife seems but a trifle in

comparison, for the author makes one resent her fate, even while admitting its poetic justice. Mrs. Marquis dedicates her story, "To my husband, for without his heartening faith in my work, his generous sympathy with it, and his discerning criticism of it, this book would never have been written." It is a skilfully devised parable, and is related with hardly a wasted word, as parables should be. There are not so many voiceless poets among women that most women will not be able to read the tale with pleasure. Mrs. Marquis must follow this story with another less severe in its awarding justice.

A note of courage and hopefulness pervades Professor John M. Tyler's discussion of "The Place of the Church in Evolution" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). The author is Professor of Biology in Amherst College; and this book is written from a biologist's point of view. But it is not meant for the special student, but for the average man, and the summaries, in the opening chapters, of the processes of evolution and the conclusions of science regarding them, are phrased with as much simplicity as possible. From the steady progress of the past the author deduces the expectation of progress in the future. He finds the prevailing depression in religious matters as groundless as periods of business depression often have been, and his aim is to make clear the reasons for faith and courage with reference to present conditions, the appeals of philanthropy,

the scope and power of Christianity and the place and possibilities of the church. The book is helpful and inspiring.

One reads the pages of "The New Politics," by the late William Garrott Brown, with that poignant mixture of enthusiasm and regret which comes only when one stumbles on the work of a brilliant man and learns at the same time of his recent death. The later discovery that one should have made the acquaintance of his books long before does not in the least diminish the sensation. Mr. Brown lays no claim to any cure-all for our political ills, and his wisdom and acumen are probably not unparalleled; it is his clarity and serenity which compel admiration. His poise, his directness, and his simplicity suggest, if the comparison is not too absurd, the white shaft of the Washington Monument in full sunlight. He is not too eager to convince, or please, or amuse his reader; his manner is free from bitterness, sarcasm, cleverness, pettiness, and haste; he shows no symptoms of megalomania or fanaticism; such complete normality marks him as a rarity among American writers. To the slow-paced dignity of his paragraphs, traceable perhaps to his Southern birth, his northern training has added a sinewy directness and quiet emphasis. Each sentence escapes, through some distinctive quality in its rhythm, from the obvious and the commonplace. The subject on which he chooses to write seems, somehow, a matter of only secondary interest, though they are all vital. There are essays on the future of our present political parties and on the character of their leaders, reviews of other men's prophecies, and analyses of the two great problems of the South,—the negro and the saloon. The chapters that deserve to live longest, because they are stamped most deeply with the personality of the author, are

the "Greetings to the Presidents" which close the volume. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Modern Drama Series edited by Edwin Bjorkman is continued by "Five Plays" by Lord Dunsany all of them played since 1909. The last, "The Lost Silk Hat," might easily be mistaken for one of those little comedies which Punch produces over the signature "R.C.L." It may have an esoteric meaning but to the plain man it seems a neat little farce and no more. The other four plays are so deadly serious that one suspects the author of wishing them to be called grim, and finds them fully justifying Mr. Bjorkman's warmly expressed admiration of them as specimens of the new symbolic movement. They are as intensely Irish as Mr. Synge or Lady Gregory could have made them and why should they not be, as Lord Dunsany is Irish and is the eighteenth member of his family to wear his title in the Irish peerage. But, Irish or English, Lord Dunsany's work is a study in itself, because of its invented names, which are curiously expressive. They are as full charged with meaning as an eggshell with meat. "The Gods of the Mountain" expounds the mysteries of clever cheating. "The Golden Doom" vividly paints the doom which must fall upon all empires, and at the same time casts ridicule upon all ceremonial, drill, and routine, and shows by what nonsensical methods it may be made impressive and how easily it may be brought to naught. "King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior" deals with broken empire, and the ridicule cast upon its grave. In "The Glittering Gaté," both of the personages are dead and are reviewing their past, and finding no comfort anywhere, not even in the memory of those who loved them. These are great plays. The little book contains but 116 pages but each one reveals a genius. Mitchell Kennerley.